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Smith-Noxia. 1863.

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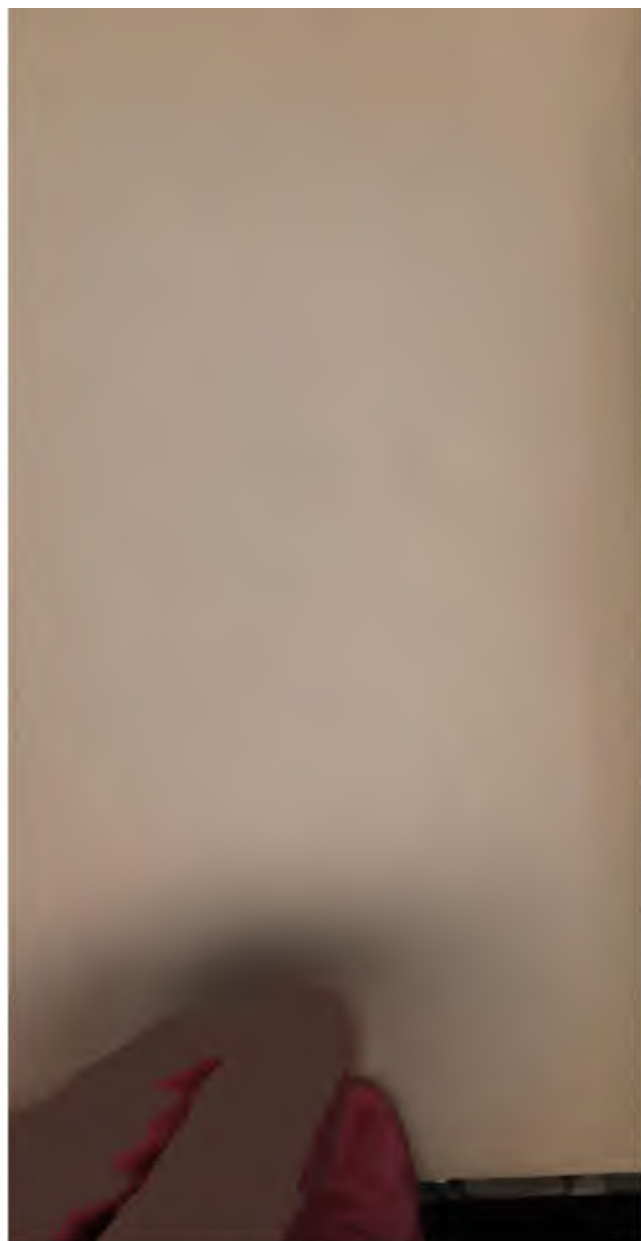
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■

NOXIA

OR

THE DAUGHTER OF GEHOFEN.

A TALE OF THURINGIA

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

HENRY J. SMITH.

SPARE HOURS.

(BY THE SAME.)

LEIPZIG,

LUDWIG DENICKE.

1863.

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1878



P R E F A C E.

I KNOW not whether the world will censure or commend an attempt in the shape of the present little book to gain a footing, however humble, upon the path of literature; but I feel convinced that each well-thinking man, though declining to concede the work a place on his library-shelf, will, when acquainted with the many difficulties with which the author has had to contend, readily pardon the trespass, and temper his criticism with indulgence in judging one to whom have been denied the advantages of a liberal education, and opportunities for study—such necessary aids even to talent—in the struggle for an honourable mention.

in that department of literature, in which to shine ever been his great and sole ambition.

My first intention was to print it for private circulation among my relations and intimate friends; growing more bold as I grew less anxious for its fate, I at length resolved to cast the hazard, and vent thus far before a public which, though necessarily demanding "good things" for its money, is seldom content to a manly appeal to its lenity, and which, nevertheless, I trust by the following pieces not altogether disappoint.

The idea of the play was borrowed from a German tale by Otto Moser, entitled—"Die Waise von Gehofen," the adaptation of which for the English stage I had nearly completed when, unfortunately for my labour, yet, I must own, not so for the contents of the piece, I obtained a copy of Shakspeare—the only play I had as yet read, be it remarked by the way, was "The King of the Franks," printed as a reading exercise in German-English Grammar. The perusal of Shakspeare caused me to abandon my first labours and remove the work altogether. I have, however, retained so much of the above-mentioned tale, suffering, as it were, of the chief incidents therein chronicled to

rough the whole, deviating but in form and delineation by which I have sought to give greater scope to the character of Töffel, as, likewise, bring the piece to somewhat less tragical conclusion. Although, as a whole, it still lacks, perhaps, that brilliancy and power of language, two great characteristics in works of celebrity, which grace a Shakspeare, a Bulwer, and many other noble geniuses of our Isle—although, no doubt, there are, too, many faults in its construction, faults of a still young and inexperienced author, yet I cannot help telling myself that, under other circumstances, it might have been better. I have toiled—toiled severely during my theme: at night, after a day's severe occupation, calling for an almost incessant attendance and the strictest mental observance, I have struggled on—now depressed by doubts and fears, now invigorated and buoyed up by hope.

Thus, kind reader, I have hinted a few of the many difficulties under which the following pieces have been written. Judge them; yet let thy sentence be just. High the disadvantages 'neath which they have grown, I let thy condemnation, if such it must be, be aided at least by a kind and considerate perusal.—Ask no more.

And now, little book, farewell!—I dare scarce thee prosper. Go ; thy claims are modest. Like daughter of the wilderness, thy merit lies more thine unassuming attire than in the elegance and fir of a more civilized cultivation.

THE AUTHOR.



NOXIA;
OR,
THE DAUGHTER OF GEHOFEN.

A TALE OF THURINGIA.

IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOBST, *Baron of Gehofen.*

TÜTCHERODE, *a neighbouring Count.*

RABENAU, *a knight, and friend of Tütcherode.*

EITEL OF TREBRA.

JANSEN, *an Inn-keeper, termed the "RED TÖFFEL".*

HUBERT, {
RIMANDO, { *Hirelings of TÖFFEL.*

GODFREY, *an aged Attendant of TREBRA'S.*

First }
Second }
Third } *Vassal.*
Fourth }
Fifth }
A Guard.

NOXIA, *a deformed Attendant at the Inn—adopted by*
TÖFFEL.

ISIDORA.—

Villagers, Soldiers, Guards, Vassals, &c.

SCENE: *Thuringia.*—TIME: *sixteenth century.*



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place in front of the Castle of Gehofen.*

Enter three Vassals, conversing.

FIRST VASS. Do I not tell ye—

SECOND VASS. Ay; but—

FIRST VASS. Bah! it is so. The Count was yesterday the whole day here, and—

THIRD VASS. For all that, I believe young Trebra to have the preference.

SECOND VASS. Yea, and I would rather shed the last drop of blood for him, than even show the bright side of my sword for the Count.

THIRD VASS. And I.

FIRST VASS. Very generous.—Has the youngster made you any promises?

SECOND and THIRD VASS. [*Menacingly.*] What mean'st thou?

FIRST VASS. That ye are both fools and but little acquainted with the world. The Count, once in possession of

her hand, and the extensive domains thereto attached—the Baron will most certificatingly give up to him—Count, mark ye,——Brrrrr—r! take my advice, and I friends before hand, and—

SECOND VASS. Kiss the yoke of tyranny and insol to appear a wise man. For my part, I shall be the to scowl, should such an event really take place.

THIRD VASS. Of which there is but very little probability at present. But a few days ago I know the young lady to have shown strong signs of disgust at the Count's advances; and a father, possessing but half the affection for his child that the noble Baron of Gehofen does for his, could never think, were circumstances fifty times so enticing, of forcing her into the arms of one for whom she has ever felt a well-directed abhorrence. And, besides, I know of Trebra, though of lesser fortune, is of equal good looks—in talent and manly qualities in every way far superior to the Count, and, trust me, stands in fair estimation with the Baron as likewise in the good graces of the young lady of whom he is deeply enamoured.

Enter Fourth and Fifth Vassals, hurriedly.

FOURTH AND FIFTH VASS. Ha! Comrades, news!

FIRST VASS. Well?—

FOURTH VASS. A grand feast is announced on the third day hence for the celebration of our young Lady's birthday.

FIFTH VASS. And it is secretly whispered, that, at the same time, she will be betrothed to the young and gallant knight, Eitel of Trebra.



FIRST VASS. Thou would'st say, to the brave and noble
 Count of Tütcherode.

FOURTH VASS. No, sir. The Count received yesterday
 stern refusal both at the young lady's, and her father's
 hands.

FIRST VASS. Pshaw! such tales—go tell them to thy
 mother!

SECOND and THIRD VASS. Ha—ha—ha! now he is grow-
 scornful.

FIRST VASS. Poor wind-blown fools, ye all are far
 beneath

scorn—go hang yourselves, or seek more wit!

[*Exit First Vassal.*]

FIFTH VASS. What's th' affront, friends?

SECOND VASS. He hath had a fit,
 and some michievous elf hath fill'd his brain
 with notions of a marriage 'tween the Count
 and Lady Isidora, for want of something better.

FOURTH VASS. Aha! we perceive; but come, we'll after
 him

and, gaining farther confirmation, tease
 him with our gladful tidings.

ALL.

After him!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A private chamber in the Castle of Tütcherode.*

Enter Tütcherode, excitedly, and Rabenau.

RABENAU. Be calm, Count! remember it is part
 of a firm mind to meet with energy,
 not succumb thus unto, each disappointment.

TÜTCHERODE. Oh Rabenau, too greatly I have suffer
 Insulted there, where I did honour most
 With such proposals—Oh accurs'd my fate!
 I lov'd the girl; no face can equal her's,
 Nor form with such sweet grace was e'er adorn'd;
 But hark, man! I am slighted—Tütcherode
 Defeated, laugh'd at by a beardless boy!

RAB. And yet be calm; better encounter ills
 While in their bloom, than weakly suffer them
 To ripen on—calculating upon
 Their chance issue hereafter. Thus, by a step,
 Thou'st learn'd the state of things, though disappoint
 Attends their course; and, as a man 'tis now
 Thy duty to bear with them.

TÜTCH. 'Tis easy, friend,
 To preach forbearance, feeling not the wound.

RAB. And easy, Count, to wrong a friend's intentic

TÜTCH. What mean'st thou?

RAB. I had deem'd thee more a

TÜTCH. And Hell had too, perchance!—But pri
 Rabenau,

If that thy bosom still contains one spark
 Of friendship for me, cease.

Enter JANSEN, the RED TÖFFEL. RABENAU retires up the s

Ha! welcome, Töffel.

TÖFFEL. Thanks, Count. I come abruptly, but my
 Is of importance.

TÜTCH. Speak.

TÖFF. Thy views are foil'd.



TÜTCH. Ha, ha! thy news is out of date, good Töffel.

TÖFF. As was thy proposition yester. Listen :

This morning, in my usual stroll, engag'd
In deep and pensive thought, ere yet aware
Of having travers'd half the distance, lo!
The massive walls of Gehofen, in front
Of their proud Castle, rose unto my view—
Like to some frowning ghost; astonish'd, I
Prepar'd to turn my steps, but, hearing voices
And mention of thy name, I stealthily
Crept forward, and, arriving near the spot,
I overheard some dozen Vassals punning
At one o' their comrades, who, with angry words,
Denouncing loud young Trebra, sought to prove
That none else, with success, might e'er aspire
To the young lady's hand but Count of Tütch'rode.

TÜTCH. I 'm much oblig'd—

TÖFF. Thus from their arguments,
I learned the refusal given thee;
And farther, Count, that three suns hence she'd place
Her hand, as his betroth'd, in that of Trebra's,
Bless'd with her—father's sanction.

TÜTCH. Never!—Hell
Ere that shall be exhausted.

TÖFF. One word more.—
Thou knowest, Count, that Töffel's nearest thoughts
Are bound to thy sole int'rests: I 've a plan
Which, work'd upon with caution, might soon place
The object of thy love e'en yet within
Thy power—thy possession.

TÜTCH. Speak!

TÖFF. Yet listen;
 'Tis, perhaps, not meet for one of my poor rank
 To raise conditions to a nobleman
 Of thy distinction; still but strong ones, Count,
 Can bear the substance of my present schemes.

TÜTCH. 'Tis better known to thee than any else,
 How far Count Tütcherode's rewards keep pace
 With service render'd him—this in advance. [*Throws*
a p

TÖFF. [*Spurning it.*] Not so; thou errest this time
Töffel is
 Grown proud and, thus, can spurn what he once courted
 Perchance with so much zeal.

TÜTCH. How?—

TÖFF. I have things
 Of other cast and tenor to demand,
 Ere I unfold the farther purpose of
 My journey here.

TÜTCH. What mean'st thou?

TÖFF. Thou dost love
 The young and gentle Isidora—*heiress*
Of proud Gehofen.

TÜTCH. Man, thou art too bold—
 Beware!

TÖFF. *None but myself can give her thee.*

TÜTCH. Thou speakest riddles; pardon me, good Tö
 Go get advice, thy brain is wandering.

TÖFF. 'Tis well; I go.—If thou hast other means
 Of realizing thy soul's object, use them.
 Yet, when all's fail'd—each other source exhausted,
 Then come again to Töffel; tell him thou



Art willing to accede to his conditions,
And he will still assist thee.

[*Going.*

TÜTCH. Stay, good Töffel;
I was too rash—recount thy said conditions.

TÖFF. Another time, my Lord—farewell!

[*Ex. TÖFFEL.*

TÜTCH. And thus
On every side I'm thwarted! Nor words, nor gold,
So potent else, avail me!—Hell—

RAB. [*Coming forward.*] Thyself
Art thy chief enemy. Impetuous, thou
Mistak'st man's nature for a thing to play with—
To draw on, at thy will: 'tis not so, friend!
This man, in my hands, might have yielded much.

TÜTCH. Would'st thou, perchance, that I, on bended
knee,
Should plead submission to a knave?

RAB. Myself
Bear him no friendship—he hath qualities
Befitting but a villain; yet chiefly he
Is well inform'd, and, as a tool, effective.

TÜTCH. Thou argu'st well there, friend.

RAB. Then follow him,
And, coaxing, win him back unto thy cause;
Thus profit by his tidings.

TÜTCH. Swear to me,
By thy soul's worship, then, though blood should soil
The enterprise, to strike with me, where'er
Necessity shall point!

RAB. I swear!

TÜTCH.

My thanks.

Some moments hence, I doubted thee, good Rabenau
 Forgive me!—[*Extending his hand towards him.*]

RAB. [*Accepting it with warmth.*] Willingly. 'Tis
 thus.

Heated by disappointment, we e'er take
 Advice for opposition.—Let us hence.
 Go thou to Töffel—

TÜTCH. Ay; and should I fail
 To gain him to my purpose, this shall paint
 The issue at his heart! [*Lays his hand upon his sword.*]
 Till then, farewell! [*Exit*]

SCENE III.—*A chamber in the Castle of Gehofen, coming at the back on to a balcony—with a view of picturesque scenery around.*

GEHOFEN is discovered seated, with ISIDORA at his side, the latter musing over a letter.

ISID. 'Tis strange, dear father—

GEH.

What, love?

ISID.

I have here

A note from unknown hand—a most queer note,
 Touching upon our choice of Eitel, and
 Refusal of the Count of Tütcherode.—
 Read it. [*Rising and placing it in his hand.*]

GEH. [*Reads.*] “A stranger, perchance, to you,
 lady, although one who, from your earliest
 childhood, when absence has not hereaved



of that happiness, has ever watched with the tenderest interest over you, ventures for a second time—”

A second time!

[*Rising.*

ISID. Some years ago,
My father, I receiv'd a note—like this,
Anonymous—the tone of which at first
Drew forth a tear of childish sympathy,
For it was couch'd in language of a deep,
Yet sad affection—mourning, it did seem,
For some lost, much-lov'd object; yet, at length,
The mystery pervading it annoy'd me—
I tore, and burn'd it.

GEH. Thou did'st well, my child.
Who gave it thee?

ISID. I found it, e'en as this,
Upon the pathway, as I walk'd abroad.

GEH. 'Tis well; of this anon.—Let's see what farther.

[*Reads.*] “Ventures, for a second time, to address a few words unto you, as a guide in the important crisis opening before you.

You have favoured the suit of young Trebra—rejected the Count of Tütcherode. Pardon the rudeness of the intimation. If I followed the burning instincts of a heart solely devoted to your welfare, I should say: reverse the result. The Count loves you to madness, though his proud and manly nature forbade him prostrating himself at the feet of one, though so truly adored—to plead in other terms than those of a man who,

even while sueing for the hand of the che-
 ject of his love, is yet too generous to
 vantage where true affection had failed.

Hm! hm! The knave's of talent.

ISID.

Truly, father.

GEH. [*Reads.*] "Of Trebra I can only say
 young, his fortune uncertain and his
 life as yet unsettled. I will merely sur-
 probability of another motive than that
 disinterested affection—which might arg-
 for the Count—stimulating—"

Pshaw! [*Tears the letter.*] This is a trap. So
 engag'd

By this same Count, would fain beset us with
 His weak and ill-timed schemes.—Let them bewa-
 Jobst of Gehofen never suffer'd yet
 An injury to pass without revenge.

ISID. Have peace, dear father! they are harm-
 We being warn'd.

GEH. My sweet, my cherish'd child! [*Embr.*
 Thy father's heart grows weak as leaden age
 Steals, despot-like, upon him—trembling, e'en
 Though but a chance leaf rustle at thy side,
 Lest danger menace thee!

ISID.

My kind, kind father!

GEH. Yet venture not too oft abroad, my chi-
 Unless amply attended.—[*Aside.*] Eitel, too,
 I'll bid be on his guard; for villany,
 Exasperated at her failure here,
 Might seek revenge on him.

[*A rustling noise is heard at a*

ISID. My father! [*Rushing up and clinging to him.*]

GEH. [*Turning towards her.*] Child?

ISID. Heard you no noise?

GEH. Where?

ISID. At yon door—behold!
[*The door is cautiously opened from without, and a dark figure appears slightly to view, but rapidly withdraws again on perceiving the attitude of GEHOFEN and ISIDORA, closing the door behind it.—GEHOFEN rushes towards the same, and, forcing it open, exit.—ISIDORA hurries in the meantime towards the chief entrance, calling aloud for help.*]

Enter several Vassals, hastily.

VASS. What here?

Re-enter GEHOFEN.

GEH. Search through the castle; thieves beset us.

[*Ex. Vassals.*]

Enter EITEL OF TREBRA.

GEH. Ha! welcome!

TREBRA. [*Regarding them.*] Heaven! what is amiss? —
My love!

[*Hastens towards ISIDORA.*]

My sweet one, why so pale? What has occur'd?

ISID. O Eitel, dearest Eitel!

GEH. There is more

Than we can penetrate.

TREB. My Lord!

GEH. The thread
Of some infernal machination
Is closing fast about us—Ha!

[A loud hurrah from wit

Re-enter a Vassal.

VASS. My Lord,
We have him tight and sure! Not even one
O' his limbs hath th' villain stirr'd since we have ca
him!

GEH. Away! Fate yet doth seem to favour us!

[*Ex*

SCENE IV.—*A lawn near TÖFFEL's house. The house or Inn, enclosed by a low wall with fencework, a rude bridge crossing over a stream to the narrow gateway in front of same.—Night-fall.*

Enter TÖFFEL, passing over the bridge on to the law

TÖFF. To study man, secure his intercourse.
Fools how to semblances: there's not a thought,
Or will, but of its own peculiar nature,
Swelling the soul's wide province. [*Pauses.*]
Yes, he's mine.

Gall'd by successive failure, he will seek
Th' accustom'd hand to which fair victory
Hath yet e'er bow'd submission—but withdrawn awhile
Thereby to prop the more securely mine
Own views, hereafter.—She is beautiful,
And wealthy—wealthy! Hell at least hath there

Been kind; and on her charms effectually
The edifice of my fond hopes I've rais'd.—
Soft!—What already! This surpasses e'en
My largest expectations.

Enter TÜTCHERODE.

Have welcome, Count!
Judging from our slight difference, I as yet
Had scarce dar'd hope for so much honour. Truly,
Your condescension shames me!

TÜTCH. Cease thy taunts!
Nor vainly deem, though I thus far have stoop'd
To seek thy wretched aid—superior but
In villany—that I would calmly brook
Thy piteous insults, whom my slightest wish
Might fasten to the stake for dogs to tear at!

TÖFF. Your choler blinds your judgment. Good my Lord,

Reflect, and tell yourself what Töffel, wishing, Might, too, accomplish.

TÜTCH. Fool!

TÖFF. There are events
Attaching to our mutual his'try, Count,
Twere not well to lend tongues to!

TÜTCH. Fellow!

TÖFF. Thou

Remember'st yet a night—'twas suited well,
From its dark aspect, to our work—ha! ha!
He fought us hard, but we did master him,
Thanks to my goodly foresight! and aloft
Upon that bloody corse thou'st bravely climb'd

To wealth, rank, power!—None suspected thee;
 Not e'en his death-lit eye could pierce the folds
 Of thy thick garb, nor deem'd he the dread hand
 Which dealt the blow, his brother's.

[TÜTCHERODE *turns away*

There once dwelt,

In peace, and amity, a noble pair,
 The pride of all who knew them—

TÜTCH.

Wretch!

TÖFF.

Secure

They deem'd their home, beside yon merry vale,
 But she was beautiful—

TÜTCH.

Thy method's dangerous.

Once more I warn thee; cease!

TÖFF.

When it shall please me.

Though long as a mere tool, submissively
 I've bow'd to thy commands, know, Count, henceforth
 Töffel's no more the creature thou hast deem'd him,
 But man, himself of will, and power to rule.

TÜTCH. Ha! ha!—

TÖFF.

Thus to essay; I fain had held

The knowledge yet awhile in mine own keeping,
 But thou hast triumph'd there:—Some six years hence—
 Thy brother's blood was then still hot upon
 Thine hands—lay thy stern sire, scolding time,
 In his impatience for eternity,
 For grief sat heavy on him; with his last
 Cold, flitting breath he dealt one deep, dark curse—
 And, Cain-like, thou did'st fly.—Myself did lend
 Eternal night unto the savage glare



With which in death he'd fain pursued thy form
With deadly imprecations!

TÜTCH. Caitiff, dare
no other word—

TÖFF. Ha! ha!

TÜTCH. Thou dar'st—

TÖFF. I dare!

TÜTCH. [*Drawing.*] Devil, this at thy soul!

TÖFF. And this at thine.

[*They fight. TÖFFEL slips, and his sword is whirled into the air.*]

TÜTCH. Thus thy chastisement! [*About to pierce him.*]

At the same moment enter NOXIA upon the lawn, running, who, with a bound, rushes between them, placing herself with uplifted dagger in an attitude of defence before TÖFFEL.

NOX. [*To TÛTCHERODE.*] Coward, back!—Insane,
Blood-drunk monster—whom, from her vile throat,
Hell, in volcanic fury, spat on earth—
Back! I command thee.

TÛTCH. [*Aside, retreating.*] He is spar'd awhile.
Aloud.] Well, Töffel, come; thus we'll be friends again.
[*Approaching, and offering his hand unto him.*]

But bid this hell-cat hence!

NOX. [*To TÖFFEL.*] That, undisturb'd,
Hell's wily hound may glut in thine heart's blood—
To TÛTCHERODE.] Fool!

TÖFF. Stay, Nox; stay, good girl!

TÜTCH. [*To NOXIA.*] Vain, crooked thing,
Whom nature but in mockery hath form'd
And termed human—

Nox. Such are known to me,
Whom she with erring bounty hath adorn'd
With thousand diff'rent graces—winged charms—
And with vain titles deck'd, to whom the world
In admiration bows, terms Count—what not?—
Would gladly strip themselves of each advantage,
And change with low-born, crooked Noxia!

[*Sits herself upon the ground*]

TÜTCH. See thou repent not thy bold speech.

Nox. [*Springing up.*] Repetition

Lo! in yon starry volume, where the fate
Of man—the wide world's destiny is stamp'd,
Whose living type but the deep-trained mind
May fathom; there, as in their nightly course
Returning, I have watch'd—well knowing thou
Wouldst come—there dost thou stand, beset by deed
At which e'en hell doth shudder—night
Grow blacker—At thy feet a precipice,
Yawning—dreadful!—Stay!—Madman! 'tis death
Awaits thee—back! See how he gloats—his arms
Outstretch'd to snatch his prize!—Ha, ha! Repent?
Lo there thy vaunting mandate, and thyself
Repent, while yet thou'st time!

[*Reseats herself*]

TÜTCH. [*Aside.*] Hell! what is this?

Away! [*Aloud.*] Töffel—

Töff.

My lord?

TÜTCH.

Well thou dost know

How great my friendship for thee.

TÖFF. I thank you for
The proof.

TÜTCH. Pshaw! Let that lie; thyself
Did'st breed the angry issue.

TÖFF. Aye, forsooth.
But come; old friends are seldom difficult—

When mutual int'rests bind them! [*Aside, taking the
Count's hand.*]

TÜTCH. What dost thou mutter?

TÖFF. Methought how near a fool I'd just arriv'd.

TÜTCH. Ha, ha! thou jestest well. But let's to business.
[*Points towards NOXIA.*]

TÖFF. Her heart and soul go with thy cause.

TÜTCH. 'Tis well.—

She must be mine;—thy terms?

TÖFF. [*After a pause.*] Are, firstly, Count,

That thou dost love the girl—love her as youth
Conceiveth love for angels: as a man
In his full depth of feeling, loves the being
Whom, sharer of his toil and care, no storms
Can sever from his side, but smiling bears
The worst;—old age the child who playful tends
His num'rous wishes and eccentric will,
Skipping with buoyant step to each desire.

TÜTCH. Ha! ha! thou grow'st romantic!

TÖFF. Secondly,
That thou dost swear, as thou would'st hold the name
Of Tütcherode, neither by deed of force,
Or rough desire, to trespass 'pon her will,
Though in thy power; but to persuasions, mild,

To which myself will link my best endeavours,
Entrust the issue.

TÜTCH. Truly, one might deem,
Some hungry priest had haunted thee of late—
Or that thyself wert father of the girl!

TÖFF. I—have been—father, Count.

TÜTCH. To which, I doubt
Some whore-son might bear testimony.

TÖFF. Anon
We'll more of this!—I crave your answer, sir,
Unto my terms.

TÜTCH. Art finish'd?

TÖFF. Deem them not
Of jesting quality. Upon thine oath
Doth hang success or failure. Swear! and woe,
Should but one passing deed disturb my faith,
Or threaten her repose—headlong I'd dash
Thee from thy boasted stronghold, crush each hope
Which, ling'ring, yet might picture better times—
An outcast, shunn'd, thy name despis'd by all!

TÜTCH. But that thy threats amus'd me, thou, ere
Might'st have repented—

TÖFF. Bah! Of this enough.
If that thine heart doth hang upon the girl—
The gentle object of our hot discourse—
Then swear, and she is thine.

TÜTCH. [*After a pause.*] I swear!

TÖFF. 'Tis well.
And that myself have free and open course,
Unwatch'd, and uncondition'd, at all times,

Unto her presence; farther, that this girl,

[*Pointing towards NOXIA.*

As proof of thine honourable intentions,

Be plac'd as her chief guardian.

TÜTCH. [*Aside.*] Perdition seize
His damned forethought!

NOX. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha! That is a cliff,
He little dreamt of running on!

TÖFF. [*To the Count.*] You answer
Not.—

TÜTCH. Thy terms grow strong; is not my word
Sufficient for thy scruples?

TÖFF. Words to me
Are toys, though shining, worthless—things, which fools
But deal in.

TÜTCH. [*After a brief pause.*] Thou'st thy wish; now
to thy schemes.

TÖFF. Thanks.—Three days hence the girl will be be-
troth'd

To Trebra, her fond choice; and 'tis announc'd,

A festival, extending even to

The peasants 'round, will celebrate the act,

And her eighteenth proud anniversary.

This, Count, is the firm basis of my schemes.—

Undoubtedly

The seat of merriment will be Schönwerda—

Gehofen's pet, whose rugged cliffs arise

Like to majestic realms around, upon

Whose firmest breast her mighty towers rise,

Unvanquish'd and the dread of foes around.

Upon a lofty ridge, nigh opposite,

A noble hamlet lifts itself to view—
 The largest of its name—from which, as from
 All others round, the festival will draw
 It's unsuspecting inmates; thus, deserted,
 All elsewhere busy, flush'd with glee and wine,
 A little blaze therein were eas'ly kindled,
 Which, manag'd well, would gain sufficient strength
 Ere seen, to call forth, at the first alarm,
 The general attention to the spot,
 And baffle for a time their drunken efforts.—
 Thus, so far. Thou, Count, previous to this,
 With some few trusty men, all well disguis'd,
 Must be at hand.—South of the Castle stands,
 Like to a giant sentinal, o'ergrown
 With hoary foliage, a vast rock—the dread
 Of all around, term'd the White Maid's Retreat;
 From which deep lamentations oft are heard
 And, 'tis related that, at intervals,
 A female form, in robes of ghostly hue,
 Is seen therefrom to glide, passing to each
 Newly disturbed vault or graveyard 'round,
 And woe to those whose ears her wails do strike,
 Or to whose sight—

TUTCH.

Bah! to thy purpose.

TÖFF.

True.

I mention'd this but to invite your faith
 For the ultimate issue.—
 From this same rock a secret passage, known
 But to myself—the last and chief bequest
 Of my fond sire, who, as thou know'st, did spend
 His life i' th' service of Gehofen's lords—

Leads upwards to their halls. Thus, while around
Well-bred confusion reigns, and the chief guard
Away, we may surprise them and secure
Unmolested our prize—for, trust me, none
Will dare pursue us that way.

TÜTCH. A goodly plan—
A brave plan, Töffel! one which, realiz'd,
Shall prove to the advantage.

TÖFF. [*Aside.*] Truly so!—
[*Aloud.*] Believe me, Count, I seek none—remember but
My terms—

TÜTCH. All—all thou'st ask'd is granted thee.

TÖFF. And let thy men be trusty.

TÜTCH. To the death.—

Farewell! I will away. To-morrow we
Will meet again good Töffel.—A most brave, [*Aside.*
And noble plan!—Oh, I could shout for joy.
Gehofen, yet,

Despite thy proud refusals, thou shalt yield
Thy daughter to my arms—Ha, ha! her sweet
And lovely form in triumph to my heart
I thus will press, and crush, in her, scorn's dictates,
Ere they find utterance.

[*Aloud, shaking TÖFFEL by the hand.*] Thus, plotting
chief.

Ha, ha! a little blaze, and our success
Is certain. Yet be cautious; let each step
Be worthy of its master.

TÖFF. Be thou in readiness,
And trust the rest to Töffel.—Fare ye well.

[*Exit TÜTCHERODE.*]

[*Aside.*] Ha, ha!—Ay, trust the rest to Töffel.—[*Aloud, to Noxia.*] Well, Nox,

How'st thou succeeded?

Nox.

Well and badly.

Töff.

Badly?

Nox. [*Rising.*] Ay.—So far well: the note which secretly I hid upon her path, the little fool Disdained not to stoop for.—Ha, ha, ha! How I did laugh to see the crimson shoot, At after thought, fearing herself detected In such disgraceful attitude for one Of her exalted station, again and then Again, to her pale cheeks, until methought 'Twas pity, one so nobly beautiful Thus, should grow pale again.—She turn'd, at length Recov'ring, and with hasty steps retrac'd Her way back to the castle. Myself, meanwhile, Threading my way through the deep forest, sought The stronghold of my exploits.

Töff.

What—

Nox.

Ha, ha!

One brainless fool, whom his misguiding star, Sick of her burden, push'd across my path, Danc'd bravely to my music.

Töff. [*Beating her.*] Vile hypocrite! Infernal hag! were these my orders?

Nox.

Hold!

Oh, beat me not, good Töffel.

Töff.

Dare once more

Thus to outstep my orders, and I'll kill thee!—Farther.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Part of a Village, festively decorated, and romantically situated between high and rocky mountains. On one side a view of the Castle of Gehofen; on the other, scattered over a projecting ridge of an opposite mountain, a picturesque hamlet. In the back ground a chain of hills with, here and there, small rivulets, &c.; in the distance the ruins of an old castle.—Approach of evening.*

Enter TÛTCHERODE, RABENAU, and several Guards all disguised in long cloaks.

TÛTCH. [*Gazing around.*] Soft, friends; here we will stay. 'Tis here about

He promised to meet us.—Rabenau,
Be of good cheer, my friend; ha, ha! nor let
The gibings of a fool thus drown thy wit
And choke up thy philos'phy.

RAB. Wrong me not, Count;
My sword is sworn unto thy service.

TÛTCH. Ay,

And well thou 'st prov'd, in many instances,
The valour of its master.

RAB. Thanks. Believe me,
If I to momentary dread did stoop,
It was for the fulfilment of thy wishes
More than myself. The wench surpris'd me, and
Her saucy words cheated me of reply,
And rather discompos'd me for the moment.

TÜTCH. She's an adept at words, and truly he
Whom she doth fix her damned taunts upon,
Must be well cas'd indeed smoothly to bear
Their venom, and her loathsome prophecies.—
Think no more of her, friend.

RAB. I will not.—[*Aside.*] Yet
I would I had not met the girl, or that
The cause smelt sweeter.

TÜTCH. How with ye, my men—
Has she bewitch'd you too?—

FIRST GUARD. She should have had
The quick edge of her taunts quickly return'd
Upon her crooked back, had your commands
Restricted not our actions.

TÜTCH. She's Töffel's daughter,
And doth attend right well unto his guests,
Barring her foolish jawings.

RAB. Soft; footsteps

Approach.

TÜTCH. We will retire till Töffel comes.

[Retires with RABENAU, &c., up the stage.]

Enter several Vassals accompanied by GODFREY, and the latter in apparent excitement.

GODFR. Persuade me no more friends—I, I tell will not! Oh I am going mad—mad! Every of my stay here, between these infernalated rock mountains where nothing but ghosts and devil-brimston-headed goblins are to be met with—oh! oh!

VASS. Poor Godfrey!

GODFR. At every step and twist, one at your howling, and with eyes—oh! oh! oh!

VASS. Poor friend Godfrey!

GODFR. And with garments of shivering whiteness

ALL. What!

GODFR. Very death—

ALL. Did'st see it?

GODFR. Oh! oh! oh! and arms like tall towers i' th' air, and screeching—

VASS. [*In terror.*] Ha!

GODFR. Oh, I am dead!—Help me, friends, help [*They hold him.*] Oh! oh! oh!—There; it is better! Oh I shall go mad; and my poor master! oh! oh! all my warnings and prophecies, ever since, he determined to marry her, for all!—It is horrible, horrible, I say. I—I expect to see the young lady to brimstone, too, shortly, and carry him off in a cloud of smoke, and—

VASS. Comfort thee, good Godfrey—

GODFR. Oh, I shall die of the rank smell! I am away!—Fare me hence, good friends! And then,

could count two, it was gone—disappeared in the
ls o' the earth like a flash o' light'ning.

L. Where, Godfrey, where?

BST VASS. Ay, friends, just the same as when my
and beloved cousin, in the thirty-first degree, by my
r—bless him! was found dead the next morning, and
others who only lived three days after, were found
near the grave-yard of—

HERS. The White Maid—the White Maid!—Where
t see her, friend Godfrey, where?

DFR. And then to be cuffed and buffeted about after-
s like a wild boar by such a pack of—of ye! And
d down, and bound up, and dragged into such a rat-
where I was kept all the day after to recover—Oh!
oh!

COND VASS. Yes; but, friend Godfrey, thou wast in
a plight that we didn't recognise thee; and taking
for the rogue we were in quest of, bound thee to
e ourselves from the danger of thy vicious manners.

IRD VASS. Ay; and when even thy master came up
, he deem'd thee in such unlikely state, that he him-
would not own thee.

DFR. Ay! get ye among goblins and devils, i' th' midst
ck-and-limb-breaking rocks and brambles, and see if
ll come out of it as brightly trimmed and shaved as a
7 set-up swell having just borrow'd five hundred
his grandmother!—and hair wrapt 'round its ghastly
se like a winding sheet—Oh! oh! oh!—Let me away
ay!

[Rushes off, followed by the Vassals.]

Of the brave knight who once shall own the prize
 Be lasting as her virtues!—Pardon, friends,
 The boldness of a stranger who, passing, heard
 Your merriment and ere upon his way
 His wearied steps did bend, thus wish'd to greet
 With his poor voice the rich and gen'rous source
 Of so much happiness: long may she live
 An honour to herself, a joy to all!

VILLAGERS. Bring wine for the stranger—wine!

[They run to the tables for wine, in their hurry tumbling one over the other.]

TÖFF. *[Who, during the foregoing, had entered into a secret conversation with HUBERT and RIMANDO—Apart to same.]* The time is opportune; perform ye well;—

And at the inn await me—your reward,
 The work well done, shall e'en surpass your hopes.
 Away—ye know my orders. *[Ex. HUBERT and RIMANDO.]*

[Aside.] Now, Gehofen,
 Prepare!—the mighty issue of my deep-
 Wrought schemes draws nigh, and thou shalt not escape me!

TÜTCH. *[Taking a proffered glass.]* Thanks, gentle friends,

And thus I pledge ye all: May never wine
 And goodly cheer be wanting at your boards,
 But plenty reign among you!

[Empties his glass; the rest follow his example. The other disguised guards, stealthily approaching the females, commence making free with them.]

FEM. [*Retreating.*] Ha!—Who are ye?

[*The male peasants turn upon the guards threatening gestures.*

TÜTCH. They are companions of my journey, friend
Quite innocent, I assure you.

[*Casts a severe glance towards them—they d*

VILLAGERS.

Wine—more wine!

[*They all approach the tables and take up glasses.*

Drink to our lady—ha! ha! ha! long live
Our lady Isidora!

[*Empty their glasses and take fresh*

TÖFF. [*Coming forward.*] Bravely done, friends;
And now a dance!

[*Music.—They all commence dancing, &c.—and dismal tolling from the castle above*

TÖFF. What's that?—friends, an alarm?—
Fire! fire! behold— [*The hamlet is perceived on fir
different places: general consterna*
Away! treach'ry's abroad!

To th' resc'—to th' resc'!—away! [*Exit Töi*

VILLAGERS.

Away—away!

[*Exeunt Villagers, running in different direct*

Re-enter TÖFFEL.

TÖFF. Now Count, to th' work!—the time is ripe.

TÜTCH.

Lead

We follow.—On, my men!

[*Ex*



Re-enter several Villagers, running in disorder.

VILLAGERS. Fire! fire! Oh, help! [Exeunt.

[A number of guards from the direction of the Castle, pass hurriedly over the stage towards the hamlet.

SCENE II.—A rocky place near the castle, in another rection.—Nightfall, and a thunder-storm drawing on.

DOXIA is discovered, wrapped in a dark cloak, sitting upon a piece of loose rock, near a narrow cavern (back).

NOX. [Rising, and listening awhile at the entrance of the cavern.

words clash, and purple streams flow fast.—Ye elements,
[Thunder and lightning.

ark messengers of yon eternal strife,
age on—I love ye! Music's in your voice;
nd sympathetic sounds e'er swell my breast
s fondly I do listen.—Oh I am weary
his servitude!—Slave to the will of one
Who owns me not—What am I?—Whence?—Alas!
vain I have besought him, and besought
nightly rumination, while around
ll deep-dead silence, yon prophetic realms—
vain, all—all is darkness!—Ofttimes I fain
ould tell myself, I am not what I seem;
nd wild, vindictive thoughts then, chaos-like,
ush to my madden'd brain and urge me on—

[Renewed thunder and lightning.

o where, to what?—E'en if I rais'd my hand,

And struck effectually at his life—
 The guilty trunk might fall—what then?—a soul
 More would but swell the precincts of a hell
 Already too full charg'd, and then myself
 More lonely than before!—Hark!—Ha, ye gods!

*[Violent thunder and lightning. The pile of
 rock upon which NOXIA had been sitting
 struck and shattered to pieces.—NOXIA
 insensible to the ground, her cloak is
 off, and she is discovered in a long
 robe.]*

Enter First Guard, dragging in GODFREY.

GUARD. *[Letting GODFREY fall.]* Well, here at last
 pretty weather, too!

And a fair dance I've had.—What have we here?

[Discovering NOXIA.]
 Noxia!—Well, if hell hath justice, 'tis
 Awarded here in proper form.—Base hag—

Nox. *[Raising herself upon her arm, and looking up.]*

Ah me!—Where am I? All is silence; yet
 Methought the earth was cracking even now,
 And I the sport of demons!—Horrible
 It was—oh, horrible!—Let me away! *[Rushes wildly]*
 No more I will be link'd to thy designs—
 Away—away—away! *[Rushes wildly]*

*[GODFREY, recovering, attempts to rise, but
 discovering NOXIA, falls back again in her arms.]*

GUARD. [*Gazing after NOXIA.*] Well!—An if I myself am not bewitch'd now, so much the better!—And this Noxia?—Either she hath taken up with her white garments whiter morals, or—Well how now, shivering limbs? Art almost recover'd? [*Spurning GODFREY.*]

GODFR. [*Struggling to hide himself.*] Oh no—good ghost, sweet ghost! have mercy—

GUARD. [*Spurning him again.*] Fool! there's no ghost here—rise!

GODFR. Sweet ghost—lovely ghost, I—I beseech thee—

GUARD. Rise, I say!

GODFR. Oh! oh! oh!—Ye—yes! noble, sweet—amiable gh—Ha! where is it? [*Rising.*]

GUARD. Thy ghost?—Here!

[*Drawing his sword and chasing GODFREY round the stage.*]

GODFR. [*Running.*] Murder!—Help!—fire!—Thieves!—Ha! holy Saints protect me!

[*Stopping short, and falling on his knees with outstretched arms, opposite the cavern. — TÖFFEL cautiously appears, at the entrance of same.*]

Oh! oh! oh! [*Falls backward to the ground.*]

Enter TÖFFEL, sword in hand, followed by TÛTCHERODE, bearing the insensible form of ISIDORA in his arms, bereft of hat, and his disguise partly torn away; after them, RARENAU and five Guards with bloody swords, from the cavern.

TÖFF. What here?—Where's Noxia?—Damned hag, I bade

Her stay at hand, to keep all back.—And here!
What has occur'd?

[*To the Guard, perceiving the piece of shal
rock.*

GUARD. Insensible I found
Noxia here; and, just recover'd, she
Hath, raving, fled the spot.

TÖFF. We must away, friends.—
Art thou much hurt, sir knight?

[*To RABENAU, who supports himself on his su*

RAB. [*Collecting himself.*] I think not.

TÜTCH. Thanks,
Friend, to thy courageous sword, we have escap'd,
And the fair prize is ours.

[*Resting ISIDORA upon his i*

TÖFF. [*To RABENAU.*] Nobly indeed,
And gallantly thou fought'st.

TÜTCH. Myself, ere this,
Had else been captive, or a bleeding corse,
Stretch'd at the youngster's feet.

RAB. Misfortune, Count,
And thy fair burden did impede thy arm,
And they did fight us stoutly.

TÖFF. Truly; and
Their rage will even urge them on our track,—
Thou wert discover'd, Count?

TÜTCH. The fire-brain'd fool,
In his last, vain attempt to reach me, and
Secure the girl, unluckily did catch,
And thus rend my disguise.

TÖFF. Ay; and myself



y good chance escap'd them: demon-like,
 ig and bellowing, the old one fought,
 with well-aim'd thrust, I met his rage
 id him lie aside.—The others, then,
 g their master fall, like furies rush'd
 me and, but for my knowledge of
 ret passage near, undoubtedly,
 l soon have caught, and done for me.—But away—
 ave no time to lose. How fares the Lady?

[*Approaching* ISIDORA.]

le wine will soon recall her 'gain
 nsciousness. We will unto the Inn
 e we awhile will rest ourselves; for none,
 being discover'd, Count, will seek us there;—
 end, meanwhile, for ample escort from
 erode, to deck our passage thither;
 trust me, every path will be beset
 way, ere yet the hour-glass runs its half,
 he high road impass'ble.

TCH. 'Tis well thought.—

here! bear ye the lady; and take heed
 ar her softly. [*To the guards, who approach, and
 take up* ISIDORA.

e is thy fool-charge? [*To First Guard.*

[GODFREY, *having cautiously listened to the above,
 contrives towards the end of TÖFFEL'S speech,
 to get away unperceived.—They all look about
 confusedly.*

ST GUARD. But even now, in feign'd unconsciousness,
 him at my feet;—

TCH. Hell and damnation!

GEH. I know it, boy! [Embracing him.]
 Full well thou'st prov'd thy merit; nor let my words
 Bear insult to thy feelings. I am her father,
 And ne'er was father blest with sweeter child—
 Oh!—Hence! what tarry we?—Thou'rt sure, my boy,
 'Twas Töffel's Inn, he said?—

TREBRA. Upon his oath,
 Godfrey did swear.

GEH. Then on, my braves! each man
 Pluck courage from example.

TREBRA. Better we
 Did reconnoiter first, and strive to learn
 In which apartment she is held, and thus
 Attack accordingly.

GEH. Most true.—Alas!
 Grief blinds my judgment. That way thou—myself
 Will this way make the circuit of the house.
 Meanwhile ye men withdraw into the woods,
 But be at hand, and listen to our call.
[Exeunt, in different directions.]

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in the Inn.*

SIDORA *discovered, reclining upon a couch, and NOXIA*
crouching down at a door.—A second door, opposite
which a window, firmly barred.

ISID. [Raising her head.] Yes, it is so.—Oh God be
 merciful!—
 'e heavens look down upon me—rescue me,
 Or let the weight of my deep misery

Crush me at once!—Oh, my poor father!—Girl! [
ing and approaching No
 Where am I? Tell me—speak! Oh if thy heart
 Containeth but one spark of love—one grain
 Of pity for the woes of humankind,
 Speak, and I'll bless thee!—Alas! in vain; my heart
 Grows sick of supplication. Oh my father,
 My Eitel, dearest—save me, save me!—Yet
 Have mercy, heaven—mercy! [*Sinks upon the c*
again, weep

Nox. [*Rising.*] Yesterday,
 Thy tears might have been balm unto my soul,
 And I had laugh'd to scorn thy misery;
 Yet now some secret power doth sway my heart,
 And feelings of an unknown courtesy
 Grow fast within me.

ISID. Ha!

Nox. Here thou art safe.

ISID. [*Rising.*] Safe!—Heaven's richest blessings
 thee, girl,
 For that sweet word!—Tell me again I'm safe,
 And I will love thee.

Nox. Lady, thou art safe
 From any force or violent desire
 While 'neath this roof; but still a prisoner,
 Waiting for stronger escort, even now
 Upon its way, to guard thee hence, unto
 Thy future destination.

ISID. Ah me!—And who is it
 Thus dares to hold me pris'ner?



Nox. Even he
Who dar'd to bring thee hither.

Isid. Tütcherode—
Oh tell me, girl—'tis he; who, failing, else,
To gain supremacy in my poor heart—
Long given to another—or to gain—

Nox. By fairer means his prize, hath taken, thus,
Recourse to foul ones.—Hell herself must needs
Be jealous of the schemes by which thy fall
Was wrought, and vengeance dealt upon thy sire.

Isid. Vengeance upon my—sire—my father!—girl,
Thou'rt mad! or if thou know'st, tell me the worst—
My father—oh my father!

Nox. I did hear
The Count and Töffel speaking of his fall,
By th' latter's hand—

Isid. Oh help me!—father—help!
[Falls fainting to the ground.]

Nox. [Running to her assistance.] Now I could nigh
repent

Me of the news. Poor little thing! What here?—
Tears! Noxia weep?—Oh long, long is the time
Since last I felt their charm.—Away! nor mock
Me longer with such seeming.

Enter TÜTCHERODE.

Ha, my lord,
Thou comest well; behold thy noble work!

TÜTCH. [Hastily approaching ISIDORA.] No! God forbid!
not dead!

[Raises her.]

Nox. Ha, ha! Is that
So singular? Why, she did beat her breasts,
And swear to die a thousand deaths, ere yield
To thy accurs'd embrace.

TÜTCH. See to thy duty;
And vex me with that hell-train'd tongue no more,
Or—

Nox. Ha, ha, ha! dead—dead!

[Dancing about the

I told thee so.—

She is no dish for thee, Count! Never shall
Thy scorching lust be fann'd within those arms—
Ha! ha!—Dead—dead! *[Runs off.]*

ISID. *[Recovering.]* Noble shadow, stay.
Wherefore such haste? Oh tarry yet awhile!—
Ha!—Who here? where am I? *[Gazing upon the*
Hence! who dares in
Thus on my privacy? *[Tears herself from his grasp,*
rushes up the

TÜTCH. *[Approaching her.]* Oh lovely being—
Fairest of earth's fair daughters! hear me yet;
Nor judge too harshly the unseemly course
Which leads me to thy feet. Oh Isidora!
My soul's fond idol, glad me with one smile, *[Kn*
One petty smile, and tell me, though thy love
Thou dost refuse, thou yet dost hate me not,
And lift my soul from it's deep wretchedness
By one—oh one kind word!

ISID.

Oh let me hence!—

Wherefore keep'st thou me here? I will away;—
 Count let me hence, I say! [*Coming forward.*]

TÜTCH. Yet hear me, dear one!
 And scorn not thus the pleadings of a love,
 Deep, pure, and fervent as ne'er yet was love
 For womankind.

ISID. Oh cease! let me away.
 Be gen'rous, Count, and torture me no more!

TÜTCH. [*Rising.*] Thou can'st not hence, lady; and here
 thou art

A pris'ner at my will and my commands.
 I love thee, and I fain would gain thy love
 By measures of entreaty, and in peace
 Win thee unto my arms.—Thou shalt have time.
 Consider well; yet dally not *too* long,
 Lest hot desire o'ertopple resolution,
 And bring thy fall upon thee.

ISID. Traitor!—Vile
 And plotting miscreant, know, against these walls
 I'd dash myself to thousand mangled parts
 Ere suffer e'en the slightest injury
 From thy base, perjurd hands!

TÜTCH. Ha, ha! Rave on
 Sweet lady.

ISID. I will away—dare to oppose me,
 And with my cries I'll raise the very house;
 The woods around, re-echoing my calls,
 Shall tell afar Gehofen's daughter's wrongs,
 And bring an host of conquering arms about,
 For her assistance and for her revenge.—

Away, man! let me pass!

[She attempts to gain the door; TÛTCHERODI opposes her.]

Help, help! Oh help!

My father—Eitel, help!

[Rushes to the window and, throwing aside the curtains, commences shaking at the bars.]

TREBRA. *[From without.]* Thy Eitel's here!

Fear not, my love.—On, on!

[Confused noises and clashing of swords without.]

ISID. *[Falling upon her knees.]* Ha!—Heaven be prais'd!

TÛTCH. What ho there, hag!

See to thy charge.—Hell, yet thy aid awhile!

[Exit.]

Re-enter NOXIA.

ISID. Oh sav'd—I shall be sav'd!

Nox.

Be not too sure, lady.

"There's oft a slip between the cup and th' lip."

ISID. *[Rising.]* Yet hark, thou spiteful girl.—Away, away!

[Joyous cries of victory without.]

Oh let me hence to meet them—nay hold me not—

Away! *[Runs towards the window;—withdrawing.]* Oh Heaven!

Nox.

Ha! they have fir'd the house,

And we are lost! *[The glare of fire perceived through the window.]*

ISID.

Oh, God be merciful!

[Kneeling.]

Re-enter TÛTCHERODE, sword in hand, after him TÖFFEL.

TÛTCH. [*Rushing towards ISIDORA.*] Mine yet! To horse
—to horse!

TÖFF. Quick! follow me.

[*Exeunt. TÛTCHERODE supporting ISIDORA in his arms.*]

Enter GEHOFEN, TREBRA and several others, running, sword in hand.—NOXIA conceals herself.

GEH. Not here!—

TREBR. Ha! this way after them!

[*Ex. in the direction taken by TÛTCHERODE.*]

NOX. [*Coming forward.*] Too late.—

Ha—ha—ha—ha——!

[*Exit.*]

TÖFF. Beware, poor Noxia!
Beware, I say—my mood is dangerous.

Nox. Ay;
But mine is merry, Töffel: look around—

[Dancing about]
Ha! ha!—Is't not a merry scene?—And here—
Merry comp'ny, too? [Taking up from the still smouldering rubbish, part of a skull, which she throws at TÖFFEL's feet.

He was a noble fellow
Who once did shoulder that.—And here—he too
[Taking up another, as above]
Could make his cross, and smile so handsomely,
That e'en a very saint had proffer'd hands,
And sworn that he were a right honest man.
Ha! ha! Thou know'st them not?—lo Hubert here,
Here Ferdinando, [Kicking the skulls successively in the rubbish again]

thy most gallant friends!
Oh how they squeak'd and bellow'd, as towards
This spot they hurried them, and, 'tween their tears,
Screeching for pardon for the rank offence
Of which, two minutes after, they did swear
Them innocent—e'en, that they knew not of
The *very* foul transaction.—Oh 'twas merry
To watch their antics as, from out the host
Of peasants, one with stern and troubled mien
Came forth and spake their doom:—"Thus for my child
He said, "the last left comfort of my fading years,
Whose sweet and tender bloom the brutal deed
Hath scatter'd to the dust;—Thus for ye all,

we have all dire losses to bewail—
 are the foul miscreants who with hellish glee,
 cast the brands into our treasur'd homes!"—
 ceas'd: and with mad shouts the rest did rush
 on them, bound them and, despite their cries
 mercy, pity, justice—of revenge,
 'd up with which, I thrice did hear them call
 the name of Töffel;—hurl'd them thus into
 a burning mass.—Oh 'twas a merry scene,
 and a right noble sentence!—

TÖFF.
 Ay.—[*Aside.*] I bade

the fools be careful, and to heed all life.—
 [loud.] Ay Nox, ay girl; 'twas pity that myself,
 at Töffel was not there to share their doom—
 that had been merry, truly—eh, girl?

Nox. [*Turning towards him.*] No!

Töffel!

TÖFF. Why, thou might'st have laugh'd the more.

Nox. Töffel, thou gavest bread unto the orphan,
 'st shelter to the lost and out-cast child—
 give, forgive me!

[*Throwing herself weeping at TÖFFEL's feet.*

TÖFF. [*Averting his head.*] Not thus, Noxia—
 God! not thus;—chide, curse—yea, anything,
 not thus, girl—not thus!

Nox. [*Rising.*] Not thus?—
 the third time thou say'st "Not thus;"—What am I?—
 fel, again I thus beseech thee, tell me
 hence—how I came into thy hands. Methinks
 yet a heart which might be taught to love,

And listen fondly to a mother's gentle voice,
 A father's gen'rous call.—Oh it is hard
 To be alone, Töffel—have pity! Ha! what means
 That look? I never saw thee look like that
 Before; oh God—speak—tell me, quick—art thou
 My father, Töffel?

TÖFF. No. Thy father's dead.

Nox. My—mother?

TÖFF. Died while giving birth to thee
 And thus thou knowest all; be satisfied.

Nox. Ah me, poor silly fool!—Yet, Töffel, say,
 Where did they dwell, that I may seek the spot
 And say, “here I was born.”

TÖFF. Thou know'st enough;
 Nor can I tell thee more.

Nox. Yes, Töffel, yes!
 I've yet one argument which may assist
 Thy mem'ry, and lend speech unto thy tongue:—
 Thou did'st bewail some “*substance*” thou had'st lost
 Mere papers—yet they seem'd of weight to thee;
 Suppose I knew of them, had rescued them—
 How now?—Would'st tell me then?

TÖFF. [*Excitedly.*] My papers—thou!

Nox. I have them! Speak, and they are thine again.

TÖFF. Oh God be prais'd!—Yet, girl, deceive me not
 Where are they?—Quick, those papers!—Sweet, say

Noxia—

Thou shalt know all—where hast thou them—be true
 girl!—

O hell, thou hast no tortures like to this!—

'st deceiv'd me, Nox'—yet no, no, no!
 sh them—give them to me—

Tell me first,

what I am.

Let me but see them—

[*Producing papers from her bosom.*] Here!—
 and speak; yet fairly.—Much I risk'd
 em, Töffel, as from the flames I snatch'd
 the chest I knew contain'd the prize,
 all around was one great sea of fire,
 fling timbers threat'ning instant death—
 and they're thine again—or—

[*Threatening to tear them.*

[*Rushing towards her.*] No! no! no!

ould kill thee, Nox—

[*Evading him.*] Speak! [*About to tear them.*

Stop!—thou shalt

all.

What am I?

Thou—thou—Give them to me;
 t tell thee, thus—'tis a long tale;
 must first examine the contents.
 thou shalt know all.

Swear then—

I swear,

hat's holy—

Take them. [*Giving the papers to TÖFFEL.*

Thus, at last,
 e mysterious folds be drawn aside,
 sweet parentage disclos'd unto me!

TÖFF. [*Eagerly examining the papers.*] Ha! ha! mine again! Ye priceless gems,
Sweet offsprings of my great, untiring zeal,
Back to your place again! No more I'll lose ye,
Trust me!—And now away. Thus Tütcherode,
Again I may confront thee, and demand
Thy strict adherence to thy given vows,
And mould thee to my liking!—Follow me,
And see thou art discreet, good Noxia. [*Goes*]

Nox. [*Detaining him.*] But, Töffel, thou forget'st—

TÖFF. Forget?—I ne-
Forget, girl.

Nox. Thou did'st swear—

TÖFF. [*Turning.*] To tell thee—yea;—
Come nearer, girl, still nearer—thou'rt—a fool!—
Away, and bide thy time! [*Pushing her from him*
[*Exit TÖFF*]

Nox. [*Recovering herself.*] 'Tis well—'tis well!
The fool *will* bide her time, but thou beware
That time!—Beware, Töffel, beware that time! [*Exit*]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Castle of Tütcherode*

Enter Tütcherode, musingly.

TÜTCH. [*Seating himself.*] She's mine; yet dearly bought
Accursed fate
Hath drove the bark of my sweet enterprise
Into a dangerous channel.—Rabenau
No more; myself discover'd, and around

ore-ey'd destruction staring in my face—
 'en hell, methinks, is up in arms against me!

[*Rising, and pacing to and fro.*]

After a pause.] Yes—where persuasion fails, force do
 thy work!

Enter TÖFFEL.

Vell?—Hast thou succeeded?

TÖFF. I, as yet,
 have not besought her, Count.

TÜTCH. As yet, have not
 besought her?

TÖFF. I had bus'ness otherwise,
 Which call'd for strict attention.—The baron is
 lo more.

TÜTCH. The pity is he liv'd so long.

TÖFF. [*Aside.*] Or had not liv'd to feel a little longer!—
Aloud.] And th' common voice is shouting loud revenge,
 and rumour speaks of a compact between
 The nobles round, and Trebra—aiming at
 fought less than thy destruction.

TÜTCH. Hast thou nought heard
 of Rabenau—how he did end?

TÖFF. Intelligence
 scarce that way. Some, whom I cautiously
 have question'd, say he died in the affray.
 but Noxia—whom from her sullen mood
 at length I've rous'd, which for two days in vain,
 since her arrival here, I've struggled with—

TÜTCH. A noble conquest, truly! thou dost deserve
 a knighthood for the deed; she, probably,

Had else ne'er spoken more, and, by my faith,
The world had had a dreadful loss to mourn!

TÖFF. I like not jesting, Count, in serious times.

TÜTCH. The times do make thee foolish, and do lend
Thee arrogance withal—

TÖFF. Count!—But, t'return,
Noxia doth report him captur'd, and
Convey'd unto Gehofen.

TÜTCH. Either way,
He's lost unto my cause. Leave me—thy news
Calls for immediate thought.—Leave me, I say!
Go to the lady and make pliable
Her proud, and haughty heart. Besiege her well
With thy most cunning rhet'ric—paint to her
The danger, threat'ning her longer resistance;
Tell her that my desire is at its height—
Yet will I grant one sun more to debate,
And then she must be mine, or—

TÖFF. Or Count—?

TÜTCH. Hence,
Fellow! and do my bidding.

TÖFF. Ha!

[*Thrusts his hand into his bosom, but withdraws it again empty.*]

[*Aside.*] Not yet—not yet!

It is too soon.—Oh first for thee, my child,

Then Tütcherode, prepare!

[*Exit TÖFF.*]

TÜTCH. I yet awhile.
Must bear his insolence. He deems himself
So vastly interested in my cause
With this proud beauty that he'll summon e'en

the very hell of his invention
 to make her yield in peace; and then—well, then
 is easy matter to dispose of him,
 and give hell back her due.—She once my wife—
 the priestly ceremonies acted o'er,
 when let them come; I, with the simple proof
 will send them back again—each laughing at
 their gen'ral folly; for none will e'er strike
 against the wedded rights of Tütcherode.

Enter TREBBA, disguised as a pilgrim.

Ha!

[*Receding.*

TREB. [*Bowing to Tütcherode.*] My humble greeting
 to you, noble sir

and most illustrious Lord of Tütcherode.

TütCH. Who art thou, fellow? [*Coming forward.*

TREB. Noble count, a man

who hath no other shelter but above
 on canopy, no other dwelling-place
 at the deep forest, or the lonely cave,
 save when some gen'rous heart, with pity sway'd
 to his meek tale of woe and suffering,
 attends to him his hospitable hand,
 and bids him rest awhile.

TütCH. Who led thee hither?

TREB. Humble inquiry, most
 illustrious count.

TütCH. Humble inquiry?—then
 let humble inquiry lead thee back again,
 and know thy manners better for the future.

TREB. Let me beseech thee, count—

TÜTCH. Away!

TREB. One nig

One poor night's rest—

TÜTCH. Away, I say! nor let
Thy dastard face be seen five minutes hence
About the place, or death awaits thee.

TREB. Yet—

TÜTCH. Thou dar'st to linger? Thus then—
[Approaches a table and, taking up a s
silver horn is about to give an al

TREB. [Throwing off his disguise and presenting a pi
Hold! or die.

TÜTCH. [Slightly staggering.] Trebra!

TREB. Aye, Trebra, miscreant; lo! he
Hath found a passage to thy privacy,
Though less an adept in the treacherous course
Adopted by thyself and pit'ful slaves
To rend the peace and happiness of those
Who never harm'd thee!—'Twas a noble work,
And worthy of its master.—Coward! thief!
Where is thy prey? release her instantly
Or, by that very hell which aided thee,
This moment is thy last! [Levelling the pisto

TÜTCHER

TÜTCH. [Retreating.] Ha! ha! be not
Too hasty, sir!—Bethink yourself—my death
Were but a retrograding wheel upon
The carriage of thy hopes.—She, thou dost seek—
Poor girl, is—far away— [Makes a circuit about TRE

TREBR. Quick!—

TÜTCH. She is—gone—
Is—lost for all, is—dead!

TREBR. Dead!—Liar!—
Oh, Isidora!—Ha!

[TÜTCHERODE cautiously approaches him and, by
a quick and sudden movement, wrests the pistol
from his hand.]

TÜTCH. Thus we are match'd!
Ha! ha! Ay, dead, I say.—How now mad fool?—
Thou shalt attend her at the funeral;
And wrap thyself the shroud about her limbs,
So lovely fair, while painting to thy mind,
How sweet and how delicious 'twas to sport
And fondle, at his will, with charms like those,
For loving, yet once slighted Tütcherode.—
Thou dost not like the prospect?—Ha! ha! had I, indeed,
Been thy adviser, I had prompted thee
To other measures, worthier the cause,
And thy fool-daring: Thou hast run thyself
Like to the silly mastiff, in his heat
For fame—or to be patted by his lord,
Into the lion's den; and, trust me, thou
Shalt not escape his claws! [Taking up the horn as before.]

TREBR. [Presenting a second pistol, and taking a folded
paper from his breast.]

Thy threats are premature;
As were thy foul-mouth'd taunts belied at once
By th' chagrin of thy gestures.—I came prepar'd
For all exigency, and full well know

ACT IV.

SCENE I.— *Another and more spacious apartment in the castle of TÛTCHERODE.*

Enter ISIDORA with NOXIA.

ISID. [*Drawing NOXIA towards her.*] Nay, Noxia
sweet girl, strive not to
Thy generous nature in so base a garb
Of seeming cruelty; I have read thine heart,
And noble sparks of tenderness and truth
Light up its secret depths—like diamonds,
In dark and stormy night!—Arouse thee, Noxia;
Have confidence in thine unhappy charge,
And tell her of thy sorrows.

Nox. Sorrows, lady?

ISID. I was a witness, Noxia, even but
One short hour hence, as from thy troubled heart
Deep anguish thou did'st pour.

Nox. [*Turning away.*] Ah me!

ISID. Thy grief
Did drown all other thoughts, and consciousness

things around; and thou did'st loud repeat,
 revenge—revenge!—I pitied thee, poor child,
 though mine own heart was bursting 'neath its load
 of misery.

Nox. Lady, thy words have e'er
 been kind and gentle to me—me, 'pon whom
 all others, mocking, spat, and hurl'd their foul
 malicious taunts—me, the poor crooked thing,
 who, of all else, have merited from thee
 the smallest part of friendship.

Isid. Thou but act'st
 the part which force dictates, necessity
 compels upon thee.

Nox. Lady, vastly more
 than any force or brutal argument
 could urge me to, I've wrought against thee.

Isid. How?

Nox. Selfwill in wild and untaught nature's dang'rous.—
 Left to myself, with none to guide my thoughts,
 I have, in my earliest years, an old matron,
 Whom Töffel term'd his wife—who e'en did kill
 the few small seeds of virtue springing at
 my young and foolish heart—she died; and I
 became straightforth the pupil of my own
 wild, reckless aspirations.—Yet a child,
 from scenes of war and blood-shed, I was brought
 hither, unto the den term'd Töffel's inn,
 and there install'd in office, to wait upon
 his vile and out-law'd guests, whose bitter gibes
 learn'd with double sharpness to return
 unto their drunken throats.—There I did hear

The luckless fools who came upon my path,
And yet surviv'd sufficient long to tell
Their ghastly tales, have borne full testimony,
And spread the fame of the White Maiden 'round,
And of her dread abode.—Possess'd, at length,
Of the grand secret to the hidden path
Leading from thence unto thy halls, lady,
I daily watch'd thy motions—overheard
Thy secret conversations, and thus learn'd,
Years back, thy tender passion for the knight
Of Trebra—thy dislike of Tütcherode.

ISID. Oh Heaven!

NOX. Yea, I watch'd, lady, knew all;—
Watch'd, and invok'd new curses o'er each scene
Of love and happiness!—The rest thou'lt guess.

ISID. [*Turning away.*] Alas!

NOX. Thou—thou had'st all—
Myself grew ever poorer as I watch'd;
And consciousness, awaking, thus the more
Did picture to my heart how great its loss—
In all, how destitute!

ISID. Amend the past,
Oh Noxia! and aid me to escape
From this accursed place, and ever shall,
These arms be open to thee, thou shall'st dwell
In the same halls—no sister's love more pure
Than that I'll tender thee. Nay, come— [NOXIA *turns av*

NOX. I cannot!

ISID. Thy raiment shall be splendid as my own
And willing servants fly at thy command,
Thus thou—



Nox. No, no!—tempt me no more; I've sworn,
 and Noxia must be faithful to her oath,
 so' much she now repents and hates the cause
 she but too well has serv'd.—Ha!

Enter TÖFFEL, abruptly. ISIDORA is about to withdraw.

TÖFF. Lady, stay;
 friend doth greet thee.— [To NOXIA.] Thou withdraw
 awhile.

ay; I've a message for thee: speed thee to
 the ruins of Kiffhausen, there thou'lt meet
 person who will answer to the name
 of—Lückerath: tell him I am detain'd,
 and that he might await me there at eve.
 haste thee, sweet Noxia.

Nox. [*Aside.*] Aye, but not thither,
 not thither, Töffel. [*Exit NOXIA.*]

TÖFF. [*Aside.*] So. A good device;
 her cunning might have borrow'd sounds from walls,
 and thus been troublesome.—Be firm, my heart—
 let firm awhile; oh presently thou too,
 shalt speak, and claim from tenderness the sweet
 reward of thy long fasting!—[*Aloud.*] Noble lady—
 [*Aside.*] Oh God, what change is here! [*Aloud, approach-*
ing ISIDORA.] Deep sympathy

With the distress and grief of one so young,
 so beautiful, and nobly virtuous,
 doth bring me to thy presence: Oh! I fain
 would quench the fears raging within thy breast,
 by the assurance of a friend at hand
 to watch and to defend thee in thy need.

ISID. A friend?

TÖFF. Oh, one who willingly would shed
The last drop of his blood in thy defence—
Yield his salvation to secure thy weal,
And deck thee with a lasting happiness.

ISID. I thank you. Who is he?—his name?

TÖFF. He's known
Around as Töffel, lady—is myself.

ISID. Töffel!—Ye Gods protect me 'gainst such friend

TÖFF. [*Aside.*] Ha! She suspects me?

ISID. Hence, foul murderer!
Ayaunt! Out of my sight, base plotting fiend—
Destroyer of that peace and happiness
Thou proffer'st to defend!

TÖFF. Thou wrongst me, lady.

ISID. Away, I say! See, blood is on thine hands,
And hellish guilt doth burst from ev'ry pore
Of thy most hideous features. Tremble—aye,
And strain thy reeking brow—'tis blood is there,
My father's—oh, my father's! [*Sinks upon a chair*]

TÖFF. No!—no, I say—
Thy father's not!

ISID. [*Rising.*] Liar! Thy murderous hand
Did deal the blow, and thy black treachery,
Built on thy suppos'd—self-created wrongs,
Did sink the noble bark.

TÖFF. [*Aside.*] Oh hell!

NOXIA *appears at a small side door.*

Nox. [*Aside.*] So far,
Already?

ISID. Devil, behold part of the wreck—

The nobler part is gone—and pride thyself
 Upon thy master-work! Yea, revel in
 The glory of success, for thou art great
 Cunning, and hast gain'd a victory
 Well, and her fiends conjoin'd, might envy thee.
 Nay, let not conscience smite thee! Ha, ha! thus laugh
 O scorn such puny trash, and tell thyself
 How very just thy work, how righteous—else,
 Wherefore hath it been suffer'd by yon God
 Who sits to judge, and his all-ruling power?—
 But, know, there's still to do; the misery
 Of thy poor helpless spoil is not complete.
 Yet speed thee, lest some untoward event
 Should cheat thee of thy fill—the fruit yet fall
 Grub-eaten at thy feet.—Go; fetch thy tool,
 The worthy menial of thy foul designs
 And very noble Count of Tütcherode,
 And tell him I am here, prepar'd for him
 And all that he can do.

TÖFF. Since thou dost know
 So much, lady, know more:—It is myself
 Hath done—all this—hath broke upon thy peace
 And wrench'd thee from thy seat of happiness;
 Slain thy proud sire, and promised—nay sworn,
 To wed thee to the Count of Tütcherode.
 First, know: *thou never wert Gehofen's child*;
 No blood of his doth flow within thy veins,
 And thou hast but usurped in his heart
 And halls another's right. The luxury
 By which thou wert surrounded, was not thy
 Due—'twas another's, and belong'd to one— [Looking

And love, to heed the temptor.—I have wept
 Ofttimes, in contemplation of the time
 Which needs must break upon thine happiness—
 Lay waste the youthful dreams of thy fond heart,
 And wake thee to such stern realities.—
 Yet grieve not thus, child!—I could not spare thee more
 And what else could I do?—To leave thee there,
 And suffer things to take their wonted course,
 Had been to lose thee ever—renounce the fruits
 The which, with so much care and toil, I've rais'd
 And time thus ripen'd on.—The Count doth love thee,
 And, trust me, shall be pliant to thy will,
 And a right worthy husband. Thus, again
 I render thee what I have robb'd thee of—
 E'en more: reality for seeming.

ISID. [*Rising.*] No! —

Base hypocrite, thy wily tale is lost
 On me: know, I despise thee—loathe thee, e'en
 As filthy toad! —

TÖFF. No, no!—My God, not that!
 My child, oh my sweet, gentle child, recall
 Those words, and come unto thy father's arms—
 Thy father, truly!—Pity—pity [*Falling on his knees with
 out-stretched arms towards ISIDORA.*]

ISID. Hence!

'Tis false—false as thyself, inhuman fiend—
 Begone, out of my sight.

TÖFF. Oh yet, my child,
 Have pity—pity! Yon great God be judge
 How true all I have said—how pure my claims,
 My fondness how sincere!

D. [*Aside.*] Oh no, no, no!

False—it cannot, must not be! Oh, ye just gods,
Save me and aid me here!

X. [*Who, with drawn dagger, and in strong excitement, has been several times, during TÖFFEL'S speeches, on the point of rushing from her hiding, place: aside.*] Hold, yet awhile,

emons back! urge not too quick my arm—
erfidy!—Oh false and treach'rous fiend!

D. If true—oh God!—and just thy claims, give me
proof—incontestable proof—

FF. [*Rising.*] Beneath
either arm there is a rosy spot
to a minor bud, most delicate,
to the searching eye of distinct shape
harmony of form—these hands did trace
lines upon thy fair and tender skin,
with my heart's warm blood I seal'd the work
ature recognition.

D. Oh Heaven!

FF. Thou tarriest,
my child?

D. Off! off!

FF. [*Sinking again upon his knees.*] Oh, thus again
beseech—implore—

D. Name me the being
in thou hast, thus, deprived of her right—
cast in misery.

FF. [*Irresolute.*]—I cannot!

X. [*Rushing forward.*] Liar!—

Behold her, then, and speak;—'tis Noxia,
Thy serving girl, whom, with such gen'rous care,
 Thou'st rear'd, and tutor'd for thy future doom—
 Die, devil! [*Stabs him.*] And to hell relate thy deed
 Of infamy, and black ingratitude.

And may the curses of thy victim cling
 To thy damn'd soul, through all eternity;
 And fest'ring scabs be thy sole company,
 With scoffing demons 'round, to mock thy wails,
 Heap woe on woe—despair upon despair!

TÖFF. [*Falling.*] Ah me!

ISID.

Help! help!

Nox. [*Dancing about.*] Ha! ha!—ye lazy th

Come forth, I thus command ye—vassals, all,
 And bear ye witness here!—Do ye not hear?
 The proud voice of Gehofen's daughter calls,
 And warns ye to obey.—Slaves, ho! Away—
 Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*About to rus*

Enter TÛTCHERODE.

TÛTCH. Or hell must step between!—
 What here?—Ha!

Nox. Go, embrace thy bride—behold
 How noble her deportment, and how fair
 She carries the proud title of her birth—
Isidora Töffel! ha, ha, ha!—I shall
 Invite thee to my castle, Count, to-morrow,
 Where we will cull love's sweet deliciousies
 And laugh at past annoyances—away!
 Ha, ha!

[*Exit*



F. Help! help,—my child! [ISIDORA swoons.

CH. I am bewildered.—

-Hell doth cry within me; and the time

is propitious for the deed, therefore

wait while yet I may.—Thou lovely star, [Approach-
ing ISIDORA.

thus more beautiful than e'er before,

to my yearning arms! [Attempts to raise her; she
recovers and, wresting herself from his arms,
cries aloud for help.

Yield, lovely one— [Following her.
can'st not now escape me—

Re-enter NOXIA, with a number of Vassals.

x. [Throwing herself with uplifted dagger between
them.] Villain, off!—

her step, and there behold thy doom. [Pointing
towards TÖFFEL.

ha, ha, ha!—And there! [Pointing outward.

[Alarums, and signals of battle from without.

TÜTCHERODE desists; and, with a menacing
gesture towards NOXIA, rushes off. The Vassals
surround TÖFFEL, who lies stretched upon the
ground; and ISIDORA, after gazing a moment
upon NOXIA, falls weeping upon her breast.
The curtain falls amid loud clamour from
without.

from any new attempt of villany; for he is nearly s
of all protection by the draught made on the guar
forces for our present enterprise.

GODFR. Which, may all the saints bless, and gra
cess to!—I'll be very dumbness itself, I warrant y
now—

SECOND VASS. Soft! I hear footstep. Let us on

OTHERS. Stir, stir!

GODFR. Softly, friends—tread softly!—Tread—

[*They bustle him out.* 1

*Enter TREBRA, still partly disguised, and RABENA
latter supporting himself upon the arm of an atten*

RAB. Base, and perfidious coward! this news do
The last and killing blow unto the love,
And friendship I once bore him. He ever was
Wild and impetuous—stubborn; yet, 'till late,
I deem'd him honorable, valorous.

TREB. I press'd him sharply, and he e'en
touch'd

As of thy danger and thy pending fate
I spoke, and told the signal which would bring
Immediate death unto thee: 'twas a feint
By which I trusted to avert the dread
Necessity of arms and spill of blood—
And shield myself, e'en, from his treachery.—
How it did serve thou heard'st.

RAB. And trembled, lest
Some accident had met thy daring course,

l robb'd the world of so much nobleness
thy untimely fall.

'REB. I thank thee, Rabenau.

thou dost overvalue my poor worth
thy deep sense of gratitude.

LAB. If but

mine own life I were thy debtor, Trebra,
scarcely would have thank'd thee—'tis a part
oldier rarely holds on a long lease—
hing, to day exuberant with joy,
sanguine in each hope of future weal—
morrow, where? The tribute of a fool
om fortune for the moment smiles upon,
fattens with success; to yield again
soon, perchance, to some new conqueror,
sigh out his farewell in streams of gore,
n sink, and be forgotten.—Thou didst prove
worth, far more, my friend, by thy endeavours,
generous commands, towards those few
helpless wretches whom else death, in its
st horrors, had consum'd, tho' enemies,
meriting thy wrath instead of succour.
this, I thank'd thee, Trebra; and the act
rais'd thee to a god in my poor love—
poor, indeed, to hold such nobleness.

'REB. Prithee, Rabenau—

LAB. We tarry here too long.
y, and may the gods fight with thy cause,
grant a quick and ample victory
thy valiant arms!—Myself had joy'd
and my willing arm, and thus retrieve

SCENE III.—*Another part of same with entrance of the Castle. — The Castle terminates at back in a massive tower, with draw-bridge attached to the partly shattered walls and through the crevice of the same, a view of the picturesque scenery beyond.*

Continued alarums, and noises of the battle. Numbers of soldiers and guards of RODE's party pass, fleeing, across the stage, pursued by TREBBA's men—among whom, and Vassals.—The latter, with others, shout shouts of victory into the Castle. GODFREY and the rest pass in pursuit into the tower. Distinct cries of "Hurrah!" heard at a distance. And new troops, bearing TREBBA's colors, are perceived to cross a range of mountain in the extreme back.—A number more of TÜTCHERODE's party pass in disorder over the stage and appear in different directions; then retire.

Enter ISIDORA, hurriedly and affrighted, slightly staggering.

ISID. Shield me, ye Gods!—Alas—I can no longer stand!
My Eitel——Noxia! [*Sinks fainting at the entrance.*]

Enter TREBBA and TÜTCHERODE, fighting—the latter bleeding.

TÜTCH. Though wounded, not yet weak!—I will draw

The blood of twenty Trebras—this at thy soul, [*Attacking more furiously.*—TREBRA *fights on the defensive.*

And know, 'twas Tütcherode—

TREB.

'Tis vain.—Yield up

Thy sword, and thou art spar'd.

TÜTCH.

Never!—Oh hell! [*Falls.*

TREB. Thus, then, take thy reward, and may the gods

Be merciful unto thee!—Farewell! thy debt

Is paid, and I forgive thee.—Now, my sweet love—

[*About to enter the castle.*

Re-enter GODFREY, from the tower, running.

GODFR. Oh my sweet master—my sweet young master, the gods be praised for thy victory!—All is fled but what is flying, and the day is ours.—Hurrah, my sweet young master! [*Embracing him.*] And my single self have killed three of the slaves that dared dispute our good cause; and look there—and look here, [*Hastening to the back:*] lots o' fresh arms coming to our assistance, and—why—why—if that isn't—

TREB. Stay here till I return—merciful God! [*Approaches the entrance of the Castle and discovers ISIDORA, lying upon the ground.*

What do I see?—My love—my Isidora!—

Dead! [*Raising her.*] Oh, no, no! Not that—have mercy, Heaven!

Enter NOXIA, wildly, and bleeding at her head.

Nox. What ho, slaves! are ye deaf? I tell ye, I Am she—your mistress!—Oh how sweet, and grand,

To bear such titles, and be waited on—

Ha, ha, ha!—

How now, my noble lover? [*Perceiving, and bending,*

TÜTCHER

GODFR.

If this be not

That mad-cat of a witch—

TREB.

Ye Gods be prais'd!

She breathes again.—Awake, oh speak, my love;

Thy Eitel's here!

ISID. [*Recovering.*] Oh Eitel—father—dear!—

NOX. [*As above.*] Why dost thou not embrace
lady-love?

Lo! she doth now invite thee to her arms—

Come!—Ha, ha, ha!—

TÜTCH.

Ah me!—Away—away!

Thou bloody vision, hence!—I come, I come—

Back to your hell again ye mocking fiends!—

Lost—lost—oh!

[

TREB. My sweet love—my Isidora! [*Embracing*

[*Flourish. Then enter RABENAU, supporting him
as before; after him a number of Vassals, fol-
lowing a sedan upon which reclines GEHOFEN,
followed by an escort of soldiery and guard*

NOX. [*As before.*] Thou wilt not? then away:

The proud voice of Gehofen's daughter ne'er

Shall twice plead for a spouse—

TREB. [*Regarding the above with surprise.*] My fr
—my lord!

GEH. [*Raising himself.*] Sav'd—sav'd, oh, happy d

NOX. [*To RABENAU, who crosses and kneels beside
body of TÛTCHERODE.*] Ha! who art thou?

Would 'st thou fain plead for him, or vie, thyself,
 For the fair hand he's slighted?—There! 'tis thine;
 Take it, for it is noble.—Ha! thou see 'st
 The blood upon it—well, it was a villain's,
 A dastard's, who did rob me of my home
 And rightful due, to sweat in servitude,
 The while his own brat fed upon my rights,
 And bask'd i' th' luxury of Gehofen's halls;
 Suck'd the sweet honey of affection,
 And reign'd the queen of beauty!—Thou dost pause, too?
 Ha, ha!—Then I'll some other—fare thee well!—
 Where's now thy mandate, Tütcherode?—Ha, ha, ha!
 Repent! repent! [*Exit into the tower.*]

GEH. What wretched being was that?

Methought she spoke o' my daughter.

GODFR. She's the witch o' the rock, my lord, and is
 call'd the White Maid of—of—Schönwerda. [*Crosses himself.*]
 Oh, I—I could tell her from anybody—I—

RAB. [*Rising.*] She is a poor
 Neglected child, whom bad examples and
 Ill usage have made wild, and, it would seem,
 At length e'en render'd frantic. She is known
 As Töffel's daughter—the miscreant whose vile
 And damned plots have wrought these heavy times,
 And brought affliction to so many homes.

GEH. Let some one follow her. [*Exit a couple of Guards.*]

My child—my child!—

My Isidora!—

TREB. Speak—oh speak again,
 My sweet, my cherrish'd love!—Thy father calls—
 Look up, thy father's here; thy Eitel, too,

Doth bid thee smile again, for thou art sav'd—
Sav'd, and now mine for ever!

ISID. [*Opening her eyes and gazing wildly about*]
Sav'd—sav'd—Sav'd!

Oh sweet, sweet tones—where am I?—Eitel—ha!

My father, oh my father! [*Wrests herself from TREB-
ra and is about to rush to the arms of GEHOFEN,
staggering back.*] Yet no—no—no!

I am not, oh! I am not—help me, heaven!

Away!—I am a wretch—a wretch, indeed! [*About
rush off. TREBRA follows and detains her;
falls, violently weeping, into his arms.*]

GEH. [*With outstretched arms towards her.*]
daughter, oh my child—my Isidora!

Re-enter Vassals from the Castle, bearing in TÖFFEL

GEH. And was't for this, my God, impatience drove
Me on, here to embrace her—here to clasp
My child unto my bosom, or to die
E'en with her here, had fortune will'd it so?

RAB. Be comforted, my lord—

TÖFF. [*With effort.*] Gehofen yet
Alive, and here?—Oh ye kind heavens be prais'd!—
One dreaded stain less on my guilty soul.

GEH. [*Turning towards TÖFFEL.*] Who art thou?

TÖFF. Had'st thou ask'd *what* I had be-
I would have answer'd: Thy sworn enemy;
One who hath, till this hour, through half his life,
Conspir'd against thy peace, sought but thy ill.

And stow'd up such a mine of misery,
One half of which would crush a thousand hearts,
To hurl its weight upon thee.

GEH.

Wretched man!

TÖFF. But one, who now repenting of the past,
With his last breath would ask forgiveness;
And seeking here the much-wrong'd object of
His cruel intrigues, fain would make amends
By testifying 'fore these witnesses,
Her true and holy rights.

GEH.

Of whom speak'st thou?—

Who art thou?

TÖFF. Interrupt me not, I pray ye;
My moments now are number'd, and my breath
Is fading fast.—Some eighteen years ago—
Thyself wert absent, call'd by duty hence—
Thy lady, young and fair, gave birth unto
An offspring, sweet and healthy, the first pledge
Of love unto her Lord;—too dear indeed
She purchas'd it, and sank ere she could lisp
One word of tenderness—of mother's love.—
Pass.—

Night came on—that dark and awful night!
The very earth e'en trembled, and around
Fear was predominant. The elements
Were raging as though doomsday were at hand,
And man's annihilation fix'd upon.—
One heart fear'd not!

Within a chamber dark and cold, and
Chaos-like in aspect—the howling wind
Was there sole manager, all hands had fled

Into thine heart, hath thus recoil'd upon
Myself.—

GER. Villain, who art thou, and to whom
Do thy vile words allude?

TÖFF. Myself thou might'st
Have recogniz'd, my lord;—let this refresh
Thy memory. [*Stripping up his sleeve and showing deep
scars, as of a lash, upon his arms.*] 'Tis Jansen,
once thy well.

Lov'd servant, yet whom thou, for trivial faults,
 Did'st cast disabled, scourg'd—a beggar from thee,
 To famish and to die, or—There was one,
 A matron of thy household, succour'd me
 And tender'd to my wants 'till my maim'd limbs
 Regain'd sufficient strength to wander forth—
 Mad with my shame, and burning for revenge!—
 The other?—'tis the child I stole that night;
 My suppos'd daughter—*Noxia*; who's hand
 Hath thus forestall'd thy vengeance.

GER. [*Falling back.*] Oh ye heavens! [*Weeps.*]

TREB. [*Who has listened with excitement to the above
—to the Vassals and Guards.*]

Quick—more of ye away! seek her, and see
No harm doth overtake her! [*Exeunt several Vassals and*
Guards.] Oh, Rabensau,

If that thy strength permit, take to thy arms
 Awhile this precious burden! I myself
 Will lead the search; she cannot yet be far—
 Most injur'd, most abus'd!

Isid. Ah, Eitel—dear—
Abus'd, abus'd indeed—oh Noxia!

TREB. [*Tenderly embracing her.*] My love, my own
love! let come what may,

Thy Eitel's heart shall own no other love—

Thine—thine, for ever! [*Clasps her to his b*

TÖFF. Ha! my child—my sweet—

Oh, not yet, heaven! [*Struggling.*] Grant one me
yet!—

Thus—'tis better now.—A few words more,
And I have done—for ever.—Most gentle sirs,
Yon lady [*Pointing to ISIDORA*] is my child: unknow
her,

And disbeliev'd e'en now, I've battled with
A parent's fond and deep affection,
For, ah! how long a time.—Some moments back,
Deeming the time most fitting, I disclos'd
The secret of her birth, and sought in vain
To break the strong barriers of her love,
And claim her to myself.—But let me speed,
For life doth fly apace.—The Count I plied
With more than demon cunning; myself did raise
The fatal passion in him, and did fan
The flame to its intensity of growth.—
His wild and guilt-bent nature serv'd me well.
I rose to intimacy, was his friend;
And well belik'd e'en by his aged sire,
Who deem'd me of no light morality,
And fitted well to guide his wayward son.—
His elder brother, growing troublesome,
And standing 'tween him and his proud estates,
Fell by his hand; yet it was my advice,
And my contrivances did bring about

he deed.—To gain still more
Security and warrant for my schemes,
I secretly confess'd unto his sire,
Giving such evidence and proofs, that he
Did think me very angel. I thereby
Became his confident, adviser, too,
Which brought such written deeds into my hands.
That, at my will, myself was lord of all,
And Tütcherode a beggar.—I bade him
Seek openly her hand, the which I knew
Would be refus'd, that I myself might be
The giver of the boon. Thus, my child's weal
And own ambitious views firmly secur'd,
I did intend, as opportunity
Had pointed, to restore to Noxia
Her rights—unto the proud heart of Gehofen
His crippled—hapless child.—Thus I have wrought;
But oh myself am ruin'd in the issue—
A wreck, shatter'd upon the billows of
My own creating!—It is ever thus
With things which man too eagerly would grasp,
And in his thoughtless bosom fain embower,
Before e'en thinking that a morrow's wind
Might scatter all his fine-drawn schemes abroad,
And leave him nought but trash to feed upon.—
I've done; and, much repenting my past deeds,
Crave now of heaven her pardon—of yourselves
Forgiv'ness for past wrongs!—My child, my sweet
And gentle child, thou whom, though innocent,
Fate and myself have torn from thy high seat



DON ZAGO;

OR,

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

The daring hero shaking vengeance from
His ev'ry limb!

FIRST RAMB. Indeed, a pretty fellow.

PROL. Your—humble servants beg—a little play—

FIRST RAMB. Why, beg a penny, fool, and buy a bit
one!—

PROL. Which they've compos'd—expressly;—for the
day—

Here—to present before you, and they—pray
Your kind attentions, you will—deign to—pay.

SECOND RAMB. A most brave Prolog', that, I too, ^{must}
say.—

PROL. 'Tis nothing.—

SECOND RAMB. That I'll stand for.

PROL. That will make you laugh—^{unless}
You laugh.—

BOTH RAMBS. Ha, ha, ha!—

PROL. At the dull words—and—littleness—
Of—plot which it—contains, but—it will show
How—love oftentimes—man's wit—may overthrow!—

SECOND RAMB. Twelve years' instruction, and a bit
school,
Might make of thee a scholar, or a—

PROL. Fool! [E

FIRST RAMB. Come! let us hence, nor stay such stuff
hear.

SECOND RAMB. Nay; I must chide them yet.—We
nought to fear;

Why hurry, friend?—'tis rich.—

FIRST RAMB. A bawbling tear,
A smile, and then a sigh—bah! it is clear;



What need we stay to see: at the first glance

A *proper* critic may foretell the dance.—

Ha! who comes there? [*Gazing outward.*]

SECOND RAMB. We'll on! And from afar,
Cry out, to shew our learning:—"par?"—by "par?"—

[*Enter several Domestics with whips from the mansion, upon the pathway, and the two Ramblers make a rapid exit, with Domestics in pursuit.*]

Soft music at back.—Enter ELVIRA from the direction of the castle, gracefully attired, and bearing a guitar upon her arm.

ELV. [*Gazing around.*] Angels of beauty—gods of love
and peace,

Arise! and bid your nightly slumbers cease.

Stretch forth your Heav'nly wings and grant your aids

To guide my lover to these beauteous shades!

Oh, guide him safely, while my bosom warm

Pours forth its praises to this lovely morn.

[*Sits herself beside the stream at the foot of a tree and sings, accompanying herself upon the guitar.*]

SONG.

Hail, lovely morn! again thy gentle beams

Steal o'er yon swelling fragrance and impart

A rich and soft refulgence to the streams,

As sweetly 'neath yon flow'ry vales they dart.

The airy warblers 'gin to shed around

Their rich and flowing harmony of voice;

And the high Heavens in their strains resound,
Which bid each sadful heart e'en yet rejoice.

Peal on, peal on! let God's great anthem rise
And mingle with the glories of the air;
While trembling sun-beams dance upon the skies,
And then to earth each new-born wonder bear.

[*Ceas*]

But hark! My lov'd one comes—his footsteps fall
Upon my ears; I'll haste to meet his call.

[*Lays the guitar aside and c*]

Enter RIMANDO, with armed Ruffians, stealthily.

RIMANDO. A moment, friends.—Methought I heard
here;—

[*Searching abo*]

She must have fled, like to th' affrighted deer.
We'll seek her farther, for she's not return'd
Unto the castle yet.—Know, I was spurn'd
By her and by her father—spurn'd still—
I'll have revenge—revenge, by hell I will!
List ye a moment while I now relate
The cause and birth of this, my deadly hate:
I was the first-born of a noble sire
Whose house and rank, in fame, did stand far high'r
Than that of yon poor halls. My father died—
[*Aside.*] Oh, 'twas these hands did reach the bitter draught
[*Aloud.*] Died 'pon the verge of life's sweet eventide.
I thus was left to his vast wealth sole heir
And sought for some fair maid with whom to share
My princely *heredity*. I had oftentimes heard

The fame of this sweet girl, whom all rever'd
As beautiful and good; I therefore sought
An interview with her, but all for nought!—
I sought her 'lone, and, by good chance, did meet
Upon this spot with her, and at her feet,
On bended knee, in gentle accents told
My love to her; but she, as stern as cold,
Gave me a blank denial—bade me hence!—
Could I brook this, then—no! O hell and devils,
Let forth upon their heads eternal evils!
But come—away!—to search; for e'en to-day
By love, or force, she shall be mine.—Away! [Exeunt.

Enter DON PEDRO.

DON PEDRO. Again, sweet shades, I greet ye;—gentle
vale,
And thou, fair streamlet, murm'ring forth thy song
Of love and holy freedom;—thou, rich orb
Whose golden light each mourner's heart doth warm,
And breathing e'er through Nature's verdant halls
A thousand soft and flowing melodies—
Ye, too, I greet.—O, may but fools despise
A lover's rapture: those whom Fate hath bound
To life's foul dunghill—who ne'er felt, ne'er drank
Affection's charm upon the bosom of
His love, plucking the bud of hope, of faith
From each moist-springing sigh!—O! unto thee
My heart's fond hope—Elvira, here I kneel,
And bid thee forth unto thy Pedro's arms—
Glowing with soft desire to press thy form.

But lo! what have we here?—[*Taking up the guitar*
grateful chan

I'll haste to call her forth in song of love.

[*Exit with guitar, towards the*

Enter MURILLO, musingly.

MUR. A pest on indigence!—'T were pity—yet
Embarrassment—I would I had no daughter!
Yet he's my friend, is wealthy and, I trust,
Is honourable—I will wed her to him.—
She likes him not, I know, yet liking is
But secondary to the consciousness
Of wealth and affluence;—They shall marry straight
It is a prerogative of wise birth,
And serves me well in my exigency.
A father's wisdom is the proper shield
O' his daughter's weal, and actions; and, therefore
'Tis proper he disposeth of her hand
And her affections. A wise prerogative!—
Where can he stay?—I'll back to meet him; sure
The way is too fatig'ing for his parts.—
A lusty husband, truly, for my daughter!
Yet he's of noble bearing—Ha! I hear him.—
Don Zago's a good name too.—Note his stride!
I am enchanted, quite;—and he is wealthy!

Enter DON ZAGO, puffing.

Thou roguish fellow—[*Approaching and extending hand*
to DON ZAGO.] Ha, not greet thy friend
Ha! ha! Why thou wilt blow thyself away.—

it! About!—A little stratagem,
she is thine.

ZAGO. Thy daughter? [*Puffing.*

JR. Ay.

ZAGO. A gem
stratagem!—Mark'st thou the rhyme?

JR. Ay, Zago.—
thou dost love my daughter—?

ZAGO. As I hate lumbago.

JR. A bad rhyme, that: Don Zago with lumbago!

ZAGO. No matter.—Hark: I love thy daughter, I
wealthy, can afford her castles—fye!

Yes, I'd say;—

JR. I am content

what I know, and thou'st my full consent
take her for thy best. Yet thou must know
loves—a gallant youth; therefore to woo
useless play—Steal her, man!—and haste
the first priest with her—

ZAGO. O that will taste
romance, truly!

JR. Ay; then, wait thou here—

is already stirring and, ne'er fear,
soon be here, her fav'rite spot;—here hide,
before, until she comes.—And now betide
well, my son! [*Embracing him.*] I will away and send
vassals to thine aid.—Farewell!

[*Exit, joyfully rubbing his hands.*

J. ZAGO.

Depend

on—the Devil's horns, and rope to hang ye!—

ha! I could nigh bend with laughter—bang thee,

Zago!—But I hate rhyme too much at a time—'tis so very unconstitutional like—I would say, fatiguing! Well!—ha! ha! ha!—let me look at myself. [*Examines his figure*]—Steal her? Alas! a sorry chance, that Stealing is doing a thing lightly; therefore 't is well a be of light parts, lest his will, being overburden'd, turn him treacherously into the mire and take foot-luck.—By my honest parts, I should never thrive that way. What shall I do?—Ha! I have it: My vassals! What do I want of them for, else, but to brush up my coat and polish my buckles, so that people may cry out:—"Behold the illustrious Don Zago—the very ideal of romance and greatness"—Yes, even as a great master, I'll just hint my will unto them, and thus leave them to perform; for, being Master, it matters little whether thou thyself perform or even troublest thyself about the subject—having an ability at thy elbow—being thereby ever secure of all glory and honour resulting from the issue.—O, what a romantic history mine will be! Every maiden will be desirous, surely, to kiss me. Don Zago, the hero, carrying off a nobleman's only daughter; then the death of a young and less fortunate lover from despair—O romantic, romantic! [*Noise without.*]—But hark!—Footsteps!—Where shall I get to?—Bend I cannot; and fall I dare not from fear never to rise again!—Ah!—But stop!—I'll climb this bushy tree, and, it being her, like Jupiter, I'll old, watch, unseen, the gambols of the fair one beneath—Don Zago, O, most witty Don Zago!

[*Clambers up the*

Re-enter RIMANDO, with Ruffians.

i. [*Entering.*] On! on! 'Twas she—yet soft!—See,
where she comes!

ye, until I call—quick, villains—

[*Driving the Ruffians out.*

ZAGO. [*Aside in the tree.*] Domes!

spires also!—What a desperate fellow!—Suppose he
'd be a lover, too!—

Re-enter ELVIRA.

v. [*Looking around.*] Not here?—Alas, then 't must
have been illusion.—

ord—Sir Count!—[*Perceiving RIMANDO.*]

i. [*Coming forward.*] O pardon this intrusion,
idol of my soul! And listen here,
at thy feet—

[*Kneeling.*

v. [*Turning away.*] Never, O Count!

ZAGO. [*As before.*] Now I just wish my vassals would
and tie this villain down, while I beat him, the
drel!

i. [*Rising.*] Then fear
ido's scorn!

ZAGO. [*As before.*] What a crocodile he is!—Oh, that
dy one pin's worth of courage now—I 'd—

i. I have already told you
d you not, nor ever shall I.—Hold you!

[*She attempts to go, but RIMANDO detains her.*

o, I charge you, or, by heaven, my calls
bring assistance from my father's halls!

ZAGO. [*As before.*] And from the tree, too;—what
egg'd rogues these vassals of yours are!

RIM. [*Still detaining her.*] Proud Maiden, think'st thou
then I mean to lose thee,
Thus again?—What ho! my men:—Now choose thee!

[*The Ruffians come forward, and rushing upon*
ELVIRA, commence binding and making pre-
parations to carry her off. She wrests her-
self several times from their grasp, calling
aloud for help, towards the castle.

D. ZAGO. [*Aside, in great agitation.*] O Lord! what—
what shall I do?—What a villanous piece of work is this!
—I—I'll cry out murder—yet no, I won't, lest these
wretches, hearing me, take the hint!—O, that I—I wasn't
up this tree!—Don Zago, thou art dishonour'd—thy
courage forfeited—thy unblemish'd sword tarnish'd for-
ever!—O these rogues of vassals!—

RIM. Quick, villains, quick! lest they have heard her
cries,
And yet o'ertake us ere we've placed our prize
In safety.—

D. ZAGO. [*As before.*] Hear the devil! If they do hear,
they won't come—taking it to be myself!

ELV. [*Struggling with RIMANDO and Ruffians.*]
Help—help, my father!—O, my Pedro, dear,
Help me—O help!—Alas, where art thou?

[*The Ruffians, aided by RIMANDO, regain their*
hold and are about to make off with her, when,

Enter DON PEDRO, running, sword in hand.

D. PEDRO. Here!
Thy Pedro's here.—Down, down—ye villains, down!
Release your prey, or fall beneath the frown

Of my offended sword!—Back, villain—hold!

Take thy reward for thy foul deeds, untold!

[*Wounds one of the Ruffians, who strives to pass him, and, rushing upon RIMANDO and remaining Ruffians, who release ELVIRA, a general contest ensues.—The one wounded staggers off.*

D. ZAGO. [*Aside.*] So, this is the younger lover—he don't seem very likely to die of despair, neither!

[*RIMANDO and the Ruffians flee.*

ELV. [*Rushing towards, and falling at DON PEDRO's feet.*]

Oh, let a maiden's tears tell thy worth,

And speak her gratitude for thy brave conduct!

D. PEDRO. [*Raising, and pressing her tenderly to his bosom.*]
Not thus, my love!—To know that thou art safe

And mine again, is thousandfold reward

Unto thy Pedro's heart.

D. ZAGO. [*As before.*] A thousand thunders!—Don Zago
Oh Don Zago! this is worse than all!—

ELV. Alas, my Pedro, danger yet besets us!

D. PEDRO. Fear not, my love.

ELV. Ah, it is love I fear:

A wealthy friend—Don Zago is his name—

Of my dread father's, yesterday arriv'd

And seeks my hand; my father much approves

The match, for he is—wealthy!

D. PEDRO.

Oh thy tale

Sends daggers to my heart!—How learn'dst thou this?

ELV. My maid o'erheard their conversation—

D. PEDRO.

And,

Oh thou wilt love him too, he being wealthy,

ELV.

With pleasure, Pedro.—

Proceed thou; I will listen here the while,**To warn** thee of surprise.

[Exit ELVIRA.]

D. PEDRO. Thanks,—love.—[To DON ZAGO.] About—about!

D. ZAGO. Nay, sweet youth—honey'd youth—

[Struggling on the ground.]

I—I'll fly—I'll forswear all—anything—

D. PEDRO. Nothing will serve, but this, friend.

[Takes off his pantaloons, &c.]

D. ZAGO. [Aside.] O Lord!—What a devil of an affair is this! My history—O my sweet history! lost—gone—perish'd, and Don Zago laugh'd at by everybody—Oh I shall go stark mad—these rogues of Vassalls!—

[DON PEDRO puts on the pantaloons of DON ZAGO, stripping his own from beneath, which he then stretches on to the legs of the latter, bursting them in several places by the pressure. He then takes off his upper dress, transmitting the same in like manner to the person of DON ZAGO.]

ELV. [Outside.] Quick, Pedro, quick! some one approaches.

D. PEDRO. [To DON ZAGO.]

Rise!

And to the tree, again.

D. ZAGO.

O Lord, I cannot!

D. PEDRO. All things are possible, when danger warns.

[Draws his sword.]

D. ZAGO. Sweet youth, honey'd youth—I—I will!—

[Rising with effort and hastening to the tree.]

D. PEDRO. And mark, one word from thence

D. PEDRO. [*Apart to ELVIRA.*] Play well thy part, sweet love, and all is ours.

ELV. Ay truly, dearest.—Lo! he comes already.—

Re-enter MURILLO, with Vassals.

[*The latter converse apart.*]

MUR. [*To DON PEDRO, in feigned surprise.*]

Thou here, my friend?—Thou too, my daughter, here?—

[*Embraces ELVIRA.*]

D. PEDRO. Ay, friend Murillo, and thy daughter know all. I've had a world of adventure here since I saw thee last. I've broken the necks of a set of villains lurking about here, to way-lay and thus decamp with thy daughter—a contest, truly worth Don Zago! and then had to battle some old fatted rogue, likewise coming to insult her, and thy daughter now swears, that she never lov'd anybody half so well as she loves me.—

ELV. Father, he has proved himself indeed well worth a maiden's heart. He has twice rescued me, here, at the imminent peril of his life—rescued me from dishonour, perchance from death, and gratitude bids me love him.

MUR. Spoken like my good daughter! and now to thee, —

[*Turning towards DON PEDRO.*]

ELV. [*Interrupting him.*] Yet, my father, I could not consent to elope, without taking your blessing with us. [*To DON PEDRO.*] Come, dearest love!

[*They both kneel at MURILLO's feet.*]

D. ZAGO. [*As before, in agitation.*] I'll tear the earth into rags, and hurl down mountains upon them that shall cry out—"This is Don Zago's revenge!"—

MUR. [*Solemnly.*] Prosper, my children, and may the
blessings of

A grateful father ever light your path,
Min'string peace and everlasting joy
Unto ye, my sweet children!—But arise
And come with me unto the castle, for
By thy accedence, love, [*to ELVIRA*] elopement now
Is stripp'd of its whole purpose.

ELV. Noble father,
Then now myself must plead: O to complete
The romance of the day—the wishes, too,
Of my deliv'rer—I'll call him husband, anon—
Grant our departure!

DON PEDRO. O the romance, friend!

MUR. Well, go my children. By the return of eve
I will expect you to my halls again,
Where grand festivity shall reign around
In honour of your marriage and of thy
Most gallant conduct, Zago.—Let us now
Embrace, and then depart. [*They embrace.*]

Heaven bless you, children!

ELV. Farewell, dear father!

D. PEDRO. Farewell, dear dad!

MUR. Farewell—

Farewell, my children!—

[*Exit DON PEDRO and ELVIRA arm in arm—
the former shaking his finger apart menacingly
at DON ZAGO, who sits in great agitation in
the tree.*]

MUR. [*To the Vassals, who are about to follow.*] Stay
ye till their return.—

And we will now betake us to the castle.—
Oh happy—happy day! [*Aside.*] The fortunes of
My child secur'd—my own fair means restor'd,
And the whole train o' dependencies besides,
All smooth'd away by this most happy chance!— [G

D. ZAGO. [*Aloud, from the tree.*] Hold there!

MUR. [*Turning back.*] Ha!

D. ZAGO. Ay, wonder, sir, and wond
Make thy case good, yet I will have revenge.

[*Comes down from the*

MUR. [*Regarding him.*] Thou have revenge? for wha
who art thou?—

D. ZAGO. Ha!

Thou, too, would'st fain not know me—even as
These skulking villains here, who twenty times
A day 'd belie their master for a crown?—
I am Don Zago!—Know me now, and tremble!
For dire as my abuse, shall be my just revenge.

MUR. Ha, ha, ha! Thou, Don Zago?—O noble
Zago!—

Bind him, my men, for something whispers me,
He's that fool-rogue, of whom your master spoke
With mention of insult towards my daughter.

[*The Vassals proceed to lay hands upon*

D. ZAGO. [*To the Vassals.*] Back, villains, back! I
discharge ye all—

What! not yet know me!—

MUR. Ha, ha, ha!—O worthy—
Noble Don Zago! On;—to prison with him.

[*The Vassals bind*



D. ZAGO. O sweet friend, no!—I am Don Zago, truly.—
 bid but these wretches let me loose, and I
 Will give thee full convincement!—

MUR. [*Going.*]

Ha, ha, ha!—

ONE OF THE VASS. There's some mistake in this affair,
 most truly:

If this be not Don Zago, I ne'er saw him.—

Comrades, let loose!—

[*They unbind him.*]

MUR. What!—This Don Zago?—Fools!—

Was he not, but this moment, here among us?—

But just departed with my child—my daughter?

D. ZAGO. O not Don Zago, friend! a villain youth,
 Whom she did term “her Pedro”—and who, first
 beating me to the ground, hath thus abus'd me!

MUR. Ye gods! have I then dreamt, or am I mad?

[*Approaching DON ZAGO.*]

How—thou, Don Zago?—O my child, my child!

How could'st thou thus deceive thy father—thus

ruin thy fortune and thy future welfare?

A VASS. [*Coming forward.*] I venture to assure your
 excellency, that you are e'en the profiter by the choice.

D. ZAGO. Wretch——

VASS. I care not; I have now too long
 serv'd thee for nothing!—[*To MURILLO.*] Noble sir, this man,
 though he abroad may speak so large of 's wealth,
 possesses not at home, even wherewith
 to pay his servants.

THE OTHER VASS. [*Several speaking together.*] For this
 we all can vouch;

Not having now, for sev'n long years receiv'd
 a farthing of our wages.—

D. ZAGO. [*Menacingly.*] Rogues, and liers!—

MUR. [*Aside.*] An' this were the case I had profited
deed!—Don Pedro is brave and a goodly youth, besic
and, but for the vaunted wealth of this fool, Don Ze
had never lost his place in my favour.—[*Aloud.*] Co
friends, good friends, be calm—have peace, Don Zago!

D. ZAGO. Peace?—Don Zago have peace?—Ay, with
devil,
For a loan of sulphur!

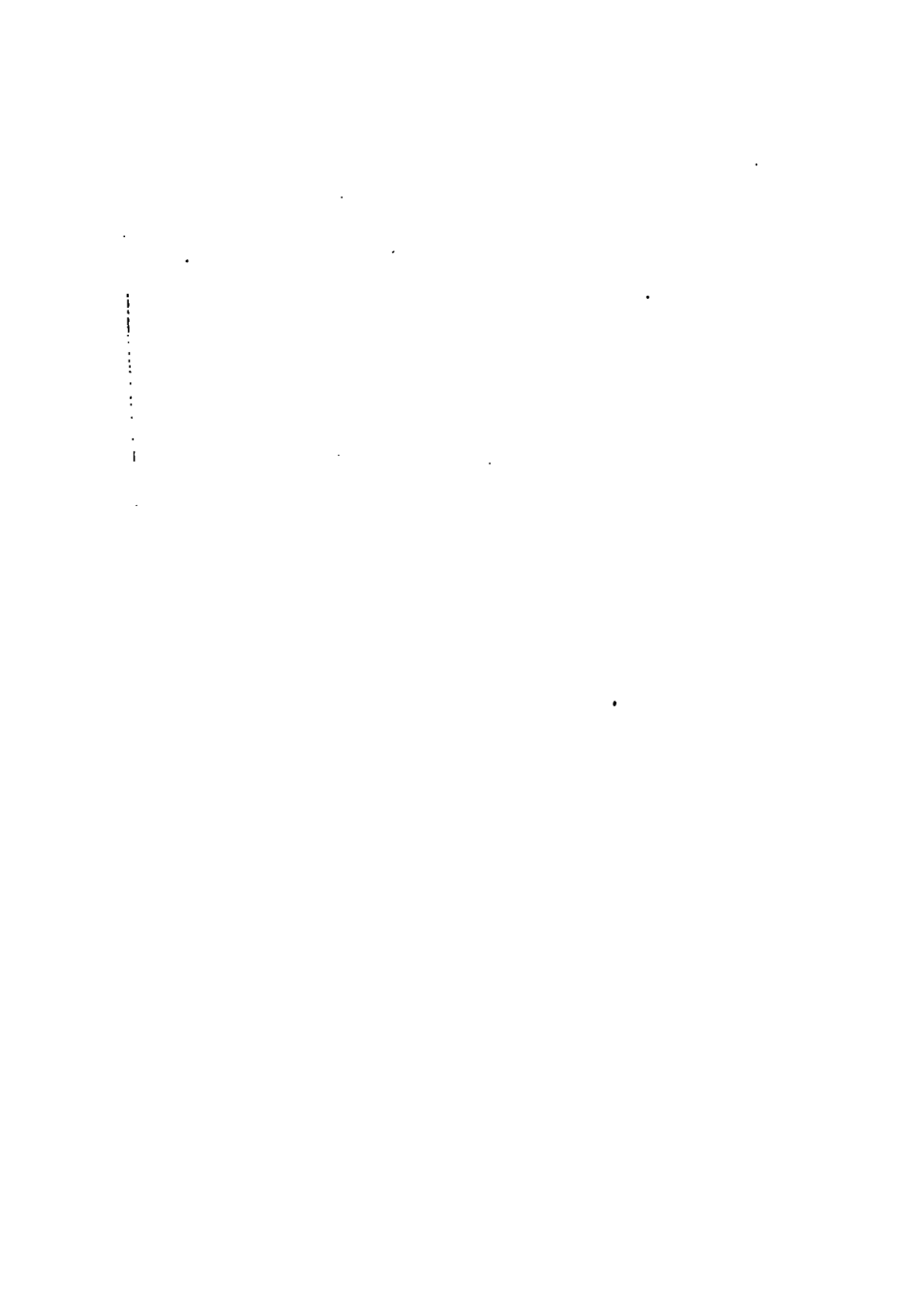
MUR. [*Taking his arm, coaxingly.*] Come! things
are wrought,
And cannot be undone.—Put up thy grief
And we will seek in my best wine relief
For mutual disappointment: hard we've toil'd,
But roguish love our tow'ring views hath foil'd.—
Come!—think no more, Don Zago, of thy fall!—

DON ZAGO. [*Aside.*] Well, I suppose it were the wi
after all!
But, oh my hist'ry—my sweet hist'ry—Jove!
This was indeed—"PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE."—
[*Aloud.*] Well, come!—

[*Exeunt. DON ZAGO and MURILLO arm in
the Vassals following—laughing and ma
faces, apart, at DON ZAGO.*]



P O E M S.



TO SYMPATHY.

A FRAGMENT FROM "SYMPATHY BESIEGED."

A PHANTASY,

*Respectfully dedicated to Mr. P****.*

(Spoken by Conscience, as Prologue.)

Where'er fair Sympathy shews to the world her face,
Each wily mortal hastes to—court her grace!

O much-sought, yet ill-used Queen! thou art
The generous master of an apple-cart
Around whom, like smiling cherubs, sweet at play,
A host of spring-buds swarm: Profit says—"Nay;"—
But, quick responding, his rich heart says—"YEA!"—
Thus straight he goes, rejoicing in the thought,
With but a little fruit might aid their sport;
He selects the choicest of his rose-cheek'd tribe,
Regardless of the result—seeking to bribe

Each thought of loss by promis'd heaps of joy
 Reap'd from the thanks of each sweet tiny boy.
 Thus he goes round; each child his bounty tastes,
 And each, thereby embolden'd, quickly hastes,
 'Pon the consumption of the first, to crave
 A second favour, then a third—"O save,"
 Till, in despair, he cries, "*My apples save!*"—

Yes! thus, O fated Queen, art thou beset
 Where'er the beams of thy rich bounty fall;
 Two favours proffer'd, ten requests beget,
 And lastly will the world demand them all!—

FROM THE SAME.

SCENE:—*An open place near a large and noble mansion.—Soft and solemn music heard approaching, then*

Enter SYMPATHY,

gracefully clad in a long and richly embroidered robe, and crowned with a garland of choice flowers entwoven in evergreens, &c.;—hovering gracefully about her, are a number of attendant spirits, bearing small baskets of flowers, and playing upon lutes and other small musical instruments.—Break of morn.

SYMPATHY. [*Coming forward.*] Lo! sweet Aurora 'gins
 again to rise,

ening her fair portals to the world
 whose first sight usurping darkness steals,
 ke to a coward thief, to his dull closet,
 ere locking himself up from mortal view
 I night again shall favour his approach,
 lping on his vile cloak, beneath whose folds
 ambition plotting walks—dark malice stabs.—
 t haste us, now, these precious flowers to twine,

[Selecting flowers from the baskets.]

hich we do gather in our mid-night walks
 om Heaven's high bosom—strewing them around
 e gentle hearts of our true followers,
 hereof the sweet ascending odours fill
 e heaving breast with mild, unearthly charms,
 rapping each thought in Heaven: These we do twine,
 e all-deserving, much belov'd possessor
 this fair mans'n, our noble king, to crown.—
 at haste thee, Sympathy!—the pale-cheek'd morn
 raws on apace, calling aloud upon
 er brother Sol, the smiling harbinger
 f coming day, to rise; who, even now,
 pes his bright eyes, casting responsive looks
 f sublime sweetness on the trembling maid,
 ilding her cheeks with rosy loveliness.
 non he rises from his downy bed,
 sting triumphant o'er the eastern clouds,
 ho, sick with anger at their own foul shapes,
 row pale and fly, thus leaving him sole master
 yon majestic ceiling.—But away
 o the soft couch—made soft by fair content,
 uth and uprightness, without the which

I D A.

When first upon her lovely form I gaz'd
In it's rich blooming beauty, passing fair,
I felt a passion in my heart was rais'd
Which never earthly pow'r from thence could tea
I lov'd—Oh yes! I felt the burning flame
Of love, divine and holy, rise in me;
I felt a tremor as I breath'd her name
Pace through my soul in fond felicity.

Oh! she's a gentle being—her beauteous eyes
Shed ever gladness where but else despair
Has reign'd, and caus'd a thousand daily sighs—
Piercing the brain with dark, desponding care!
Soft as sweet summer's odour is her smile,
As gently o'er her balmy lips it steals;
E'en gods would fain to bow, and rest awhile
Upon such charms as her fond sigh reveals.

Then grieve no more, my soul!—E'en yet a be
Of hope, bright as yon silv'ry orb of day,
Descends from high, and plays around thy dream.
A dream of love which never can decay.
Yes! once—oh once, in her most sweet embrace
I may be wrapt—oh heavenly recompense!—
And tell myself she's mine—thus resting, chase
Each rising sorrow—laugh the future hence!—

O'ER HAVELOCK'S GRAVE.

(1858.)

Sleep, thou illustrious one! none ever earn'd
 Than thou a better title to repose.
 We do not grieve; nay! wert thou less belov'd,
 Less dear unto our hearts, grief and our tears
 Might then suffice us for thy memory.
 Thy name must ever raise superior claims.
 Though gone, thou still art with us: Of such a man,
 England shall never say, "He is no more!"

* * * *

Hark! whence that sound?—Again! shriek upon shriek
 As sounds; and savage yells proclaim the term—
 Blood—blood!—Oh mercy, yet, and justice, heaven!—
 "On, on!"—Lo! in yon frightful glare, oppos'd
 Each by an hundred mad, ferocious foes,
 That gallant few, struggling midst death and wide
 Pread horrors, 'round.—"On! on!"—Oh God, that
 shriek!

Wild, piercing, soul-appaling, still it glides
 Through the thick air.—"On! on! We come—on! on!"

— — — — —

'Tis o'er, and all is silent now; alike,
 The strong and brave, with weaker nature rest—
 Mingled in one vast tomb. Not love of life
 Did nerve those men, alone: for honour, chief,
 And justice, and their country's weal they fought.—

A CALL.

(*Weekly Times*.—1857.)

Rise, compassion, for thy neighbour
Needs thy cheerful gift—

Who, bow'd down by his dread labour,
Cries in vain, "A lift!"

Passing brothers, neither heeding
Nor his toil nor sorrow,

Onwards to life's brighter ocean
Pressing, cry:—"To-morrow!"—

Pleasure's blossoms ever twining,
That "to-morrow" 's soon forgot;

And the poor man, lone and pining,
Left to mourn his cheerless lot!

Oh! then cry no more, "to-morrow;"
Aid while yet the moment calls:

From neglect the sweetest blossom,
With'ring, from it's life-tree falls.

Aid, while yet the means are offer'd,
Ere death's blighting brand is hurl'd;

Aid! for there, oh! there is proffer'd
Riches of a higher world.

Rich is he, whose hand, possessing,
Shrinks not at the gen'rous deed;

Oh, 'tis there he feels the blessing
Bounteous Heav'n for man decreed.

REPENTANCE.

Lust begone. Ye worldly pleasures
Haunt no more my troubled mind;
Rise my thoughts to other treasures,
Treasures of a heav'nly kind!
Nought, oh! nought but troubles follow
Here each glitt'ring hour's repast;
And but storms, wild joys e'er borrow
From the dark, reproachful past.

Deem not, friends, that we are drowning
In the constant foaming cup
Rising ill, for conscience, frowning,
Cries the more within us "Up!"
And oh! once must we, returning
To the sober ways of man,
Work'd by fate, obey, and burning
With past shames, still scale life's plan.

HAIL THE QUEEN!

(1849.)

Rise, oh Bard! and let resound
Thy chords of golden hue;
Each rich-drawn strain, oh, let rebound
Far o'er the ocean blue!
Far o'er to other lands let flow
Thy strains of song serene,
And may thy lays, where'er they go,
Be ever—"Hail the Queen!"

Oh! hail her with thy richest lyre,
Where murm'ring streams flow past,
Where th' evening beams, as they retire
Their richest gems do cast;—
Where, resting 'pon fair Flora's bed,
'Neath bowers of shading green—
Where roses scent the sweet green mead,
There hail our noble Queen!—

While other lands 'neath Tyrant's hands,
Groan in deep misery
And rise in wild tumultuous bands
To gain sweet liberty;
Yet in contentment's lap we dwell,
Far from each awful scene,
Belov'd by Her we love so well—
Our noble, gracious Queen.

Then England, happy guiding star,
 Oh greet with joy thine envied lot;
 Devotion's rays let shine afar,
 And crown in peace the precious knot.
 May concord dwell within each breast
 And blow in choicest evergreen—
 And, thus, each mingle with the rest
 To hail our noble, gracious Queen!

REMEMBRANCE.

Wherefore these sighs, and this deep yearning, here?—
 my poor heart, fate presses hard on thee,
 I those fond dreams which whisper'd to thy youth
 accents, blissful as the Eden winds,
 piping their songs o'er new-born nature's breast—
 yet awoke to discontent and tears—
 bright hopes of future life, now trembling glide,
 e to the fading rose, swift from thy grasp,
 I mock thy sternest efforts!—

Oh! no more
 st now thy song its inward charms impart,
 ding the soul in admiration rise
 its own product—for 'tis this alone
 tains the humbler bard.—No more must thou
 ft thy meek strains o'er life's majestic realms
 ding, alternately, the tear to flow,
 ympathetic tribute to the woes,

Creative of mankind; and then, to call
Perchance a smile upon the happy brow
Of listening man, as unto him thy pen
Life's varied scenes display'd: Oh thus, how oft
Is nature's fairest fruit to death consign'd—
Crush'd 'neath the hand of fate's relentless pow'r!—

* * * *

'Tis gone—'tis past, that dream!—Oh! I have sat
Oft 'neath the swelling shades of spring's mild bower
And, as anon the rosy gates of thought
Would ope unto me, musing, I did deem
A vision, bright and lovely, beckon'd me—
Disclosing to my ardent mind the world
Bright, then, and romance-gilded: "On," methought,
It seem'd to whisper—"on!" and madly I
Did follow in its course, till fate, too keen
For mortal opposition, fought me back—
Wreck'd, bruised, shatter'd, to my former being!

ERRATA.

Page, 23, line '8, inst. "the" read: thy.

„ 56, „ 15, „ "Aye" read: Ay.

„ 61, „ 20, „ "old matron" read: ancient hag.

„ 64, „ 4, „ "Maiden 'round" read: Maid around.

„ 65 & 66, line 15 and 18. inst. "Aye" read: Ay.

„ 69, line 19, inst. "I had a debt; I owed" read: I had a debt I owed.

„ 75, „ 24, „ "Aye" read: Ay.





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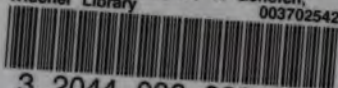
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